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CHARITY.

A student to his father sent
His third-term Freshman bill,
She statement of the money spent
A page or more did fill.
And as the pater cast his eye
O'er items great and small,
He chanced a little one to spy
Mixed in among them all.
'Twas: "For charity I gave
Of dollars fifty-four."
At this the father's face was grave
And looks of sorrow bore,
Till down he sat and wrote, wrote he,
With face suffused with grins,
"I greatly fear that 'charity'
Doth cover many sins."
—*Delaware College Review.*

ESSIE.

"If I only had a piano!"

Even as the wish rose almost unconsciously to her lips, Essie Trowbridge blushed a deep crimson tint, and shy eyes looked out half frightened from under the long lashes.

"A piano!"

The depth of sarcasm in John Trowbridge's voice justified the shrinking of his little daughter-in-law.

"A piano! Wouldn't you like a diamond necklace or a carriage with four horses? This is one of the results of a plain farmer marrying a fine lady!"

"I was not a fine lady when Henry married me, only a hard working district school teacher," said Essie, "and he was kind and good, and never sneered at me because I loved music and pictures, and—and—all the other pleasures I had before my father died!"

"Well, there, there—don't cry," said the old man hastily. "I did not mean to hurt your feelings. Harry was—"

But there the father choked, too; for was not Harry, his only child, the very idol of his old heart, lying in the churchyard, and the six months' widow sobbing beside him?

She rose softly from her seat, and crossing to where her father-in-law sat, said gently:

"I will not try you again by extravagant desires. I know how good you are to me, and I will try to learn to be a better farmer's girl!"

"You are a very good girl, a very good girl," was the reply, "and it is only natural you should hanker for what you've been brought up to having. But piano costs hundreds of dollars, and I have none to spare, Essie. I can't get round the farm as Harry did, and I have had him to lean upon so long that things go crooked enough without him!"

Essie sighed, caressing the snowy hair, her shy, brown eyes full of trouble. She knew that the farm was suffering for the master hand and eyes lying folded forever, and she longed to be of some use to the father she had promised Harry to love and comfort.

But she was only twenty, city bred and reared in luxury. Just one year she taught a district school after her father died a bankrupt. Then Harry Trowbridge, the handsome, tender farmer, who met her in the country-house where she "boarded round," told her his love and won the sweet, pure heart's affection.

Only a few month's after the wedding when Essie was conquering one by one the difficulties of farm housekeeping, Harry fell from a hay-wagon and was fatally injured.

In the few hours of life granted him, his one desire was to keep his father and his young wife together, to love and comfort each other.

"You will give Essie a home when I am gone," he begged, when his father bent over him.

"While I have a roof to cover me," was the answer.

"You will not leave my father utterly childless?" he whispered, when Essie put her cheek to his to hide the tears that would fall.

"I will never leave him while my love is any comfort," she answered.

And in the first days of mourning these two were an unutterable comfort to each other. But as time wore on they found many rough places in this life-contract each felt so solemnly binding. John Trowbridge had a profound contempt for all womankind who could not fill his own rough ideal. A woman who could churn, milk, cook, care for poultry, keep a house shining, wash and iron, and keep in perfect, robust health withal, was a woman after his own heart. A starving mind, a hungry soul, were problems he had never realized as existing.

It fretted him when Essie, bravely striving to do the work so new in her experience, would faint at her post. It roused his rough sarcasm when the day closed upon duties unperformed, when bread was heavy and cooking imperfect.

And Essie hoping against hope to grow stronger, made herself miserable in the supposition that she was a useless burden where she so earnestly desired to be a comfort and blessing. She stifled her own craving for the books and refinements that had been second nature; and yet she could not fill the place they had occupied by interest in chickens, pigs and cows.

It added to her perplexities to know that the farm had not paid its expenses in the last year. Spring was still some weeks away, and provisions were growing scarce, while ready money was dwindling down to a pile alarmingly small. She felt like a thief when a baking proved uneatable, or a dinner was spoiled, and yet such disasters occurred in spite of her conscientious efforts to avert them.

It had been a dreary day when her unfortunate wish broke from her lips, and a sudden craving for the music that had been her life's delight took possession of her. Her penitence for the words was very humble, and she put away the desire with many another longing.

But John Trowbridge, though he was narrow-minded, and often rough, had a kind heart under the hard crust gathered over it in ten years of toil, poorly paid. The longing of the shy brown eyes haunted him.

"I s'pose it is like telling the birds not to sing to shut her up here," he thought. "But to give her a piano! How in the world—"

Then a sudden thought almost took away his breath. He got up from his chair, and kissing Essie, went to the door to think it over. The young widow, warned that it was nearly tea-time by the clock, sped to the kitchen, and did not know when her father-in-law put on his overcoat and hat and went down to the village.

He came back with some great project in every line of his rugged, sunbrown face.

Tea was a success. The toast was delicately browned, and the ham done to a turn. When the meal was over the old man said:

"Essie, do you remember the cross you told me your father gave you for a birthday gift?"

"My diamond cross!"

"You would not like to part with it? Perhaps it is your only reminder of your father?"

"No. I have many other of his gifts. Nothing so valuable as that. The gentleman who took charge of my father's affairs told me I could keep all his gifts to me."

"You—you—would not like to give me the cross to sell, Essie? Our money is getting very short——"

A kiss, tender and quick, stopped the words that came so hesitatingly.

"You are gladly welcome to it, father! I wonder I did not think of it before."

So the dainty bauble lay in the farmer's horny palm, and while Essie cleared the tea-table John Trowbridge went once more to the village.

Dr. Reynolds, the only physician there, Harry's fast friend for years, was in his office when the farmer entered.

"There it is!" said the visitor triumphantly. "You are sure it is worth the money?"

"Perfectly sure. And Mrs. Trowbridge wishes me to invest the sum I obtain in a piano?"

"Bless you, no! that's my part of it. You see, the poor little soul tries to do her best, but she ain't fit for her hard life. If there was any other home for her I'd send her away, though I'd rather miss the sunlight. She's as dainty as a butterfly, and yet she has no fine lady ways either. But she hankers for a piano, and she shall have one, Ernest," and the old man's eyes filled, "her own father gave her that gimcrack, and I've seen her kiss it often, but when I asked her to give it to me, because I needed money, she put it in my hand with a kiss, and told me I was gladly welcome. She's a good girl, if she ain't much of a hand at work."

"She is not very strong," and Ernest Reynolds stifled a sigh as he spoke. Then, with a quick change of voice, he added: "I am going to the city to-morrow. I will sell the cross and buy the piano."

But when the farmer was gone Ernest Reynolds took strange liberties with the jewel he held in charge. He slipped a ribbon through its ring and hung it over his own heart. More than once he touched his lips to the hard, glittering stones, whispering:

"Essie, little Essie!"

The next day he had it valued by a jeweler, and bought a piano with the sum named; but the cross rested still upon his heart as the bill of the sweet-toned instrument was paid.

It would be a vain task to describe Essie's pleasure when the piano was brought to the sitting room. She cried and smiled at the same time, and her earnest thanks brought moisture to the old farmer's eyes.

He knew nothing of the wonderful power prisoned in the slender fingers, scarred with rough work. He had no true appreciation of the genius of that tender young soul. But he did know that Essie could sway him as she willed by the sounds she drew from the wondrous keys; could bring tears to his eyes or smiles of his lips; could lift him to adoration by her stirring hymns, or carry his heart to the foot of the cross by the pleading power of her voice in prayerful song.

She knew soon and well that her desire was no pain to the kind, old man, but that, while it was rest and joy to her, it was a comforter to him.

But the pressure of poverty was coming closer and closer upon the farm. Acre after acre was sold to meet actual daily needs, and the wolf drew very close to the door of John Trowbridge's house. With stern pride he hid his wants from his neighbors, but Essie knew of privations and self-denials that wrung her own tender heart.

Like a burst of sunlight there came to her two offers. One to be organist at the village church, one to take a class of music scholars in the seminary, five miles from the village. Twice a week a carriage would be sent for her, and the salaries would be more than double the income from the farm. Neither John Trowbridge nor Essie knew that Dr. Reynolds, by quiet, unsuspected influence, had brought about this happy result. No one knew that he had given the principal of the seminary over on an evening when Essie was pouring out her soul in music, and held him spell-bound for two hours on the farm-house porch.

But they did not know that a strong armed Irish girl could be paid to do the work of the house out of Essie's income, and that a trustworthy man was found to take the farm-work on shares.

John Trowbridge began to realize that there were women of some value in the world who possessed but a small share of bone and muscle for actual hard work. For scholars' came all the way from L——, the market town, seven miles away, to the farm-house. Concerts were given for charitable purposes, and Essie was eagerly sought at goodly sums per play. Strangers came to the village church to hear the wondrous voice and playing of the young organist.

And while the comforts of the farm were multiplied by Essie's generous expenditure, while the rooms gradually lost there bare, dismal look, by additions of furniture and ornaments, while flowers blossomed on barren spaces, and the farm itself was more fully stocked, Essie was ever the same.

Love's sanse in respectful love for Harry's father, the same gentle shy woman, modest as a violet. Yet not the same as the months sped by, and the sorrow of widowhood lost something of its keenest pain.

John Trowbridge wondered a little, when the piano had filled its recess for a whole year, why Ernest Reynolds was so much interested in the old man's rheumatism. He had always been an attentive physician, and had never neglected the father of his dear friend, Harry Trowbridge. But of late he lingered long whenever he called, and often dropped in, unprofessionally.

Essie learned to know his step, and her shy eyes would brighten when she heard it. Harry had told her of many noble traits in the doctor's character, and in the village she had heard of his gentle charities, his conscientious discharge of every duty, his Christian influence where pain and the shadow of death crossed his daily path.

Very shyly distrustful of herself, she did not dream of winning the love of this hero of her husband's boyhood, this generous friend of the afflicted, this honored member of a noble profession.

She had given her first love, true and warm, to Harry. But the daisies had blossomed twice over Harry's grave, and the gentle heart was touched by other influence. June roses were blooming, and Harry had been dead for two years when one evening Essie sat at her piano, with her fingers calling forth a melody full of sweetness. It was neither glad nor sad, and not so loud but John Trowbridge, in the porch, could hear the voice of Dr. Reynolds, as that gentleman spoke in deep heartfelt tones.

When he had heard all the old man said:

"Go to Essie, Ernest, and tell her the one wish of my heart will be granted if when I die, I leave her in the happiness of such love as you bring to her. It has been my great sorrow that her short married life tied her to an old man who was so poor a companion for her. I believe Harry himself would bid you God speed."

And Essie, when the love plea was whispered, the message delivered, bent her head to hide happy tears.

"You will let me love you?" the doctor pleaded. "You can love me?"

Only the little hand nestled closer in his own for answer. But after a little time, the sweet, clear voice, asked:

"You will let me keep my promise to Harry, Ernest? I could not desert father now?"

"I only ask to help you in your care for him. My home shall be his! And if he will sell the farm, he will have an income that will take away all sense of dependence, while we can still give him love."

"It seems so strange to think you love me!" Essie said, after they had talked long.

"Little one, I loved you before Harry won you, but I starved my own heart for yours. Do you know what I have worn there, Essie, for many a long month? See!"

And while he loosed the ribbon and put the diamond-cross into her hand she learned for the first time the true story of the purchase of that article of furniture, called at the farm Essie's piano.

KING KALAKAUA'S PALACE.

How He and Queen Kapiolani Live in Their Hawaiian Home.

Kalakaua means "Day of Battle," and his kingship has realized its force, for on the very day of his election to the throne in February, 1874, a riot occured which was only quelled by the presence of three men-of-war, whose crews—seven hundred all told—rushed to the rescue and subdued the turmoil. Now he has just been introduced to a revolution. Kalakaua is shrewd, and let it come to an alternative between signing the new constitution and clearing out, depend upon it his big mattor-of-fact signature will soon make its appearance.

In so petty a kingdom one would hardly look for so spacious a royal residence as the Iolani Palace. By the way, there is no unnecessary modesty about the Hawaiians in their selection of names, as "Iolani" means "Palace of Heaven," and if mortal magnificence is synonymous with paradisacal beauty, certainly the appellation is deserved. How proud Kalakaua must have felt four years ago when he left the little one-story building, built of coral, that had so long done duty as a royal home, and was installed in the splendid edifice that now graces Honolulu.

The foundation stone of Iolani Palace was laid with full Masonic ceremonies (Kalakaua being a prominent Mason) on Queen Kapiolani's birthday, the last day in the year 1879. It stands on an immense block, close to the heart of the city, bounded by King, Richard and Hkelike streets and Palace walk. The palace itself covers an area of 140x120 feet, being thus nearly square. It consists of two stories and a basement. It has a large central tower and a smaller tower on each of the four corners. From the base to the top of the central tower it is 84 feet high. The original surmised cost was $80,000. But by 1880 $45,000 had been expended and a further appropriation of $80,000 was asked to complete it. Then its completion was promised for 1881, but at its opening in 1883 the whole affair was found to have cost $340,000. It is built of brick (cemented) from designs by Baker, remodeled by C. J. Wall, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented, while the interior is—well, an artistic surprise.

In all there are forty rooms, and considering that all but those in the basement are seldom used, it will puzzle the reader to imagine what could be arranged in so many apartments. But the Hawaiian Kamechamehas were powerful and had many visitors, besides which Kalakaua himself has been almost around the globe, and the foundation of decorative orders brings about the promulgation of still more decorative gifts, so that Iolani Palece is literally loaded with curiosities, both novel and ornamental.

The front or state entrance to the palace, which entrance is only used on very special occasions, is on King Street, nearly opposite the Government buildings. Entering the palace this way, the visitor comes first of all to a very broad hall leading from this entrance, each side of the staircase, and then right through to the back of Palace Walk end of the building. The first room to the right of this hall is the throne room, and here is enough conglomeration of the barbaric and the modern to mystify the beholder. All around the walls are well-executed portraits of the former Kings of Hawaii, and at the extreme end of a portrait which both the King and Queen have often silently gazed upon. It is an oil painting of Kaahumanu, a wife of Kamehameha the Great, who, after his death, became Prime Minister and was virtually monarch during the short reign of Kamehameha II. Perhaps Kapiolani objects to her name ("Captive of Heaven") as she looks on this savage dame's determined features and longs to emulate her. But her spouse knows that those despotic times have long since gone by.

Here, also, are the marvellous royal feather robes, the gorgeousness of which no one can imagine. The robe used by Kalakaua, and exhibited in this throne room, is the identical *mahoe* (mantle) worn by the great first Kamehameha. It is eleven feet in width and five feet in length, and made entirely of golden feathers from the Oo, or royal bird. Only two feathers are found (one under each wing) on each bird. As it takes a thousand feathers to make an ordinary necklace, what a vast quantity must this robe contain? And this is not only the collection of a lifetime, but the combination of the hoards of eight or ten successive ohiels. At the opening of Parliament this robe is spread on the throne as symbolical of royalty, but at other times it is always kept over in the palace, and it is said that Kalakaua was once discovered alone in the throne room with this robe around him, gesticulating and voicing forth vowels to his ancestors, like a child with a new toy.

Kalakaua is now fifty-one years of age and has been drawing $25,000 a year ever since he started, besides extra money being paid his Queen, his and her staffs and their household expenses. Although the King has an interest in three saloons and has some good property in land, and certainly often helps some of his poor subjects, yet the mass of his wealth goes for the Poi feasts and Hula dances, in which his predecessors also revelled. Even when the white people are now invited, the old name of Luau (native feast) is used and the gyrations of the finger around the calabash of sticky taro form the principal event. Hula dances are even given in the public grounds, but under great restrictions and shorn, in the presence of Europeans, of their dominant features.

See Kalakaua on a state occasion, and, fairly corpulent as he is, he seems hardly to have room to hold his medals and decorations—all one blaze of useless glitter. But creep down to the Union Saloon early some evening. There you will see His Majesty, King Kalakaua, of the Hawaiian Islands, sitting before a toddy dressed in an old blue serge suit, with a cheap straw hat on the back of his head, and looking, ah! far happier, after all.

Gunpowder's First Application.

The commencement in the use of gunpowder is involved in obscurity. It does not appear to have rivaled the use of the cross bow till the reign of Edward III. 1375 is about the earliest date mentioned of its use in England. It was many years before it actively superseded the old method of propulsion.

THE REPLY.

Prudie Warner, the village school teacher, was entertaining a caller this gray December morning, it being holiday time, and although Prudie had heard from gossiping Mrs. Taylor that Hattie Belden thought "Prudence Warren should have been dropped long ago," she was as gracious to her as though said bit of gossip had never reached her ears.

Mrs. Bryant's annual New Year's party had been talked over, and Hattie Belden was certain that her hostess had an invitation when she broached another subject.

"Mrs. Taylor was telling me that you wore making your blue silk; I am dying to see it!"

"Miserable old newsmonger!" thought Prudie, as she brought out the dress.

"Why, Prudence, it really looks well. No one would ever know that it was an old one, only, of course, those who have always seen it; and you wore it last year, didn't you?"

"Yes," admitted Prudie, who knew her own mind all the malice and spite of her visitor's jealous heart.

"I have a new velvet," went on Miss Belden. "But I suppose we shall be eclipsed by Miss Eaton, who is visiting Mrs. Bryant, Lee's betrothed, you know."

Unexpected as was the blow, not a sign did Prudie Warner give that the news was aught to her as she went on folding the silk, preparatory to laying it away.

"Indeed I do not know," she returned, quite pleasantly.

"No, it is not known generally," continued Miss Belden, keeping her sharp eye upon Prudie.

But that young lady held her own bravely until her mischievous friend departed, and was safely down the steps.

"How village gossip does odious they are!" she said to herself, with a sigh of relief.

Then she went into her own little dressing-room, where lay the despised blue silk, and her eyes grew heavy with a burden of tears.

"Oh, how I wish I were rich!" she cried, "I will not—I never can—go there now."

But everything seemed to Prudie in a disturbed and poverty-stricken light this morning.

How she did wish she could have a bright new dress!

Everyone would have a new dress but herself.

But go she must, and be as bright and gay as the others, or everyone would suspect her secret; for Lee Bryant had been dove-eyed Prudie's greatest friend and devoted cavalier from childhood, and now they said he was engaged to Eva Eaton, the blue-eyed fairy visiting at his mother's house.

Poor Prudie!

She was only a workingman's daughter, and village tongues thought that Mrs. Bryant, the rich man's wife of Willington, had made too much of her.

At last, wiping away her tears, she stood up, and putting on her things, went out for a walk.

Far ahead of her the dead leaves were whirling in little eddies, and heaping themselves at the side of the road.

She picked up a long, slender stick, and began turning over the leaves as she passed, finding a languid sort of enjoyment in her occupation.

All at once she started.

Surely that was no monster leaf!

No, but a well-filled, worn leather pocket-book, half covered with the hurrying leaves.

Prudie stooped and picked it up.

At that moment her bad angel must have been passing, for she glanced furtively around her, and seeing no one, thrust it into the breast of her jacket, and walked on with hasty steps.

As she neared home she met Mrs. Taylor, who exclaimed, "Laws, child, how white you are! Have you heard the news? Old Mr. Bryant has lost his pocket-book with over five hundred pounds in it. He's been postin' up a reward for it — twenty pounds. There's one of them" — pointing to a bill at the corner.

Prudie read it hastily, and excusing herself, passed into her father's yard.

On entering the house she found not a waiting father, but a note lying upon the table.

It was just at the hour of twilight, and she lighted the little reading-lamp and read:

"Pardie,—

"Your uncle is very ill at Manchester, and I am obliged to leave by the 4.00 train. Will be home to-morrow.

"FATHER."

Thus left to herself she closed every blind and drew every curtain in the little cottage. Glancing stealthily around into every corner of the darkened apartment, she drew the heavy pocket-book from her breast and opened it. Yes, there it was, more money than she had ever seen together in her life. Need I say that she was tempted? The poverty of her every day life rose before her—the bright love dream of her life, which lay in ashes at her feet, passed before her mental vision. No one saw her pick the pocket-book up. She could destroy it, and even her own father would never know.

Mr. Bryant was the owner of a half-million; he would never feel the loss, while she must toil, unloved, because she was poor. Instinctively her hand took up the pocketbook and the few papers it contained, and placed them in the open grate. Then she went for wood and a match. She struck the match. It burned with a feeble ray, but that one ray cast all its light upon one line of an ancient illuminated "Ten Commandments" which hung upon the wall, and that line shone out like a text of fire. "Thou shalt not steal." The match fell from the outstretched hand. The articles were snatched from the grate, and she replaced everything as she first found them. Then the white lips whispered —"Am I a thief?" Conscience answered —"Almost—not quite."

Morning came cold and gray, the morning of the last day of the year, the morning before Mrs. Bryant's party. Before nine o'clock Prudie Warner was again dressed in her gray walking-suit and in the street—this time bound for the great house upon the hill. It was a timid little pull that Prudie gave the bell, but it was immediately answered by Mrs. Bryant herself, who kissed Prudie affectionately as she entered.

"My dear, why have you not called on us before? I have been telling Eva all about you, and have looked for you every clear day.

We have been very lonely since Lee has been to London, but he returns to-day. Come in and see Eva; and she hurried embarrassed Prudie into the breakfast-room.

"My niece, Eva Eaton, Miss Warner," she continued.

"Why, Prudie, how dazed you look!"

"Well I may," said Prudie recovering herself. "I found Mr. Bryant's pocket-book."

"Is that so?" cried Mr. Bryant from the other side of the room. "Where on earth was it?"

Prudie explained as well as she was able, while amidst all the exclamations and questions that followed, golden-haired Eva Eaton had slipped into the seat by the side of Prudie, and had managed to whisper, "Lee told me all about you, dear."

"Well, Prudie," said Mr. Bryant, "you are a very honest little girl; just the one I want for daughter-in-law."

"Charles," said Mrs. Bryant, reproachfully, while Prudie's blushes deepened.

"Never mind the joke, Prudie; here is the reward."

And Mr. Bryant held out, not a twenty-pound note, but one for a hundred pounds, for Prudie to accept.

"No, Mr. Bryant," she said firmly; "I cannot; take it—indeed I cannot!"

And she held fast to her resolution, in spite of all their persuasions. She started towards her home a much lighter-hearted little girl than when she left it; but still in her heart she thought, "What would they think of me if they knew all?" When she reached home someone was waiting for her. It was Lee.

"I could not go home before I saw you, Prudie," he said. "See what I bought for you in London."

And he held up a brilliant, sparkling ring, set in the finest gold. Then she was obliged to answer a question which made two young hearts the happiest in all Willington.

"Now, darling, this your engagement ring—this is your new year's present."

And he drew a jewel-case from his pocket containing an entire set of rubies to match the ring in setting and brilliancy.

"And I want you to wear them all to-night."

Miss Belden and her set gave up all thought of dropping Prudence Warner, when they saw her enter Mrs. Bryant's drawing room that evening upon the arm of her betrothed husband, and saw how affectionately she was greeted by her host and hostess. Her bright, piquant face radiant with happiness, the glittering, gleaming jewels and the despised blue silk, make a picture no one could surpass. And lovely Eva Eaton was by her side, a friend whose friendship was ever after one of the bright spots of her existence. Long after she told her husband the story of her temptation. A kiss was his reply.

SIX QUARTS AT A DRAUGHT.

The Mighty Deed of a Yankee Skipper—Great Drinkers of Rum.

Drinking is a sea custom not yet dead—at least if it is dead, the fault is not Jack's, says a writer in the London Telegraph. But, even though the economical principles of owners had suffered I perpetration of the practice on shipboard, I guess in neither the most idealists of the present race of sailors could carry it to the height to which it was formerly raised. I suppose the very biggest drink on record is that related by Dampier. He relates that there came on board his ship one Captain Rawlins, the commander of a small New England vessel, along with a Mr. John Hooker. They were asked into the cabin to drink, and a bowl was made containing six quarts. "Mr. Hooker being drunk to by Captain Rawlins, who pledged Captain Hudswell, and, having the bowl in his hand, said that he was unable to drink but three draughts of strong liquor a day, and putting the bowl to his head, turned it off at one draught, and so making himself drunk, disappointed us of our expectations until we had made another bowl."

Twelve pints to a swallow, without a sigh between! But then hard drinking was the custom, not on the privateers only, but of the whole seafaring races of early times. They were educated to it by liberal doses of grog. The allowance to one man rose to a pint of rum per man a day.

In the French, Spanish and Portuguese ships, and very often in the Dutch, the sailors' courage before an action was nearly invariably helped with jacks of brandy, and the doses were repeated while the fight proceeded, a bumper being handed between the guns. The men, frenzied by drink, would mix gunpowder with the spirits, supposing that thus prepared, there was no better liquor for it to do. I think it need not be doubted that more actions were lost than gained by this custom. How should a drunken gunner aim his piece? And what mischief (save to one another) could a mob of inebriated small-arms men do in the tops or along the quarter-deck?

If privateersmen could be found able to swallow six quarts at a draught, they had customs besides that of drinking which must have tended to make them desperately hardy-seasoned men. It was their practice to keep their ships clear, so that the deck was the only bed they had to lie upon. No hammocks were allowed; no chairs or tables; they took their meals upon the deck and lay upon it, preserving, in this direction, the old tradition of the buccaneers, who denied themselves every imaginable comfort and convenience, that they might never be mistaken for anything else than the savage beasts they were.

The Apple.

The prehistoric area of the apple was chiefly in the region lying between Trebizond and Ghilan. The lake dwellers of Lombardy, Savoy, and Switzerland made great use of apples. "They always cut them lengthways, and preserved them dried as a provision for the winter" writes Decandolle, in his interesting work on the "Origin of Cultivated Plants." Two varieties of apples seem to have been known to the lake dwellers before they possessed metals. Whether they ever solved the problem, that hopelessly puzzled George III. and got them into a dumpling, archæology doesn't inform us. The abundance of the fruit found in prehistoric stores would seem to indicate some kind of cultivation. The pear is of less frequent occurrence, although it is found in the prehistoric dwellings of Switzerland and Italy, usually in a dried state, and cut lengthways. Then, as now, therefore, the pear was a greater luxury than the apple. The abundance, and variety of names testify to the very ancient existence of the latter from the Caspian Sea to the Atlantic. Philology comes largely to our aid in this interesting study. The more ancient and widely spread a plant, the more numerous its names. But prehistoric diners-out possessed one of the best of all fruits—the grape. Seeds of the grape have been discovered in the lake dwellings near Parma, dating from the age of bronze; also in the prehistoric settlement of Lake Varese and of Switzerland. M. Decandolle, moreover, informs us that vine leaves have been found in the tufa near Montpelier, where they were probably deposited before the historical epoch, also in the same formation in Provence. Whether they combined the two we know not, but it is quite probable that wine and walnuts delectated the palates of primitive feasters. The walnut is of great antiquity. Walnut leaves have been found in the quaternary tufa of Provence, and a species of walnut in some of the Swiss lake dwellings. The species possesses a Sanskrit name, a fact testifying to its early cultivation in India. The tree was introduced into Italy about 140 B. C. Only one cherry-stone has been as yet found in any prehistoric settlement of Italy and Switzerland, nor is the antiquity of the stratum quite certain.

NEW YORK TENEMENT SCENES.

The History of One Block—Evolution of a Tough—A Landlord.

Could the history of this single block be written, say for the past year, it would make strong men turn faint. Women in the agonies of child birth on the bare floor, with the stench from cesspools rising unchecked to greet the new born infants, children of tender years cooped up in narrow cells with those suffering from contagious diseases; little ones going blind with the terrible infectious ophthalmia which runs riot through the poorer quarters, the s

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - NOV. 25, 1887

GEN. RANDOLPH E. MARCY, father-in-law of Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, died on Tuesday at Orange, N. J., aged 75 years.

A COMPARISON of the debt reduction figures under the several administrations shows: Under the Johnson administration, nearly four years, it was reduced $250 532 025; under Grant, eight years, $435 082 108; under Hayes, four years, $108 824 645; under Arthur four years, $474 033 095, and under Cleveland; in two years and eight months, $455 242 934. The good people who thought the Republican party was paying off the national debt out of its own pocket will please make a note of this.

In an article in the *North American Review* for November Mr. Thomas P. Meehan expresses his belief that since 1848 just after the potato famine made its appearance in Ireland, this country has contributed about $100,000,000 to Irish landlordism. He gives reliable statistics of amounts known to have been sent, which tend to show that his estimate is by no means a wild one. Substantially all this money has been earned by Irish people here and sent back to their needy relatives, who used the most of it to pay their excessive rents. A very large proportion of the money came from Irish servant girls.

CAPT. BLACK, says the New York *World*, the energetic counsel for the recently executed Chicago Anarchist, is a man whose heart often gets the better of his judgement. His efforts in behalf of the dynamiters have not greatly injured his former popularity in Chicago, but his candidacy for a judicial position on the Socialistic ticket in the recent election in that city has cost him a few friends. Black is a greater orator than he is a lawyer. He is industrious, sociable and courageous, and his well-wishers hope that he will soon recover from his strange predilections for Anarchy.

THE National Convention of Temperance Woman in session at Nashville on Monday last adopted a wonderful and most comprehensive platform. Resolutions were passed denouncing low-necked dresses, women's pictures on cigar boxes and as trade marks, reports of prize fights in newspapers, the use of birds for ornaments in women's bonnets and the use of the Bible in the common schools. These are issues enough, but how did they overlook the Prohibition cause and that other issue so dear to all strong minded female cranks, the great and invaluable right of woman to vote and hold offices.

A. R. PARSONS, one of the late Chicago Anarchists, left behind him material containing a scientific exposition of doctrines of Anarchy. Out of this material his widow is engaged in preparing the papers for publication in book form. The New York *World* thinks the volume will be awaited with some curiosity on the part of those who have been trying to make out what it is the Anarchists expect to accomplish by denouncing society, drinking beer, making bombs and prancing around generally in a dishevelled state before the public. The book will contain 240 pages which is entirely too much Anarchistic food to be digested by an American stomach.

The clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia was waited upon one day last week by a minister and asked if a marriage license ever went out of date. He showed the clerk a marriage license of Charles Jackson and Laura Queen, of Maryland, granted December 17, 1872, and now, therefore, nearly fifteen years old, and said that the parties had come to him to be married on that license. It was explained that the parties had had a misunderstanding on the eve of marriage in the winter of 1872, and that fifteen years had elapsed before they were fully reconciled. The clerk assured him that a paid-up marriage license was like a full-rate railroad ticket, "good until used."

DR. MCGLYNN, the strong right arm of Henry George and the United Labor party in New York, has proposed that the name of the party be changed and his advice has been concurred in. The leaders have accordingly issued a circular containing *sixty nine* names from which they request selection be made. The list contains among others the following names, "Anti Landlord," "Anti-rent," "Anti-usury," "Commonwealth," "Financial and Industrial," "Free land," "Free Soil," "High-Law," "Inalienable right," "Jeffersonian," Knights of Liberty," "United Democracy" and "United States." The Henry George and Dr. McGlynn combination by whatever name it may be called, will never amount to anything more than a mere ripple on the swift current of American politics.

THE Dutch steamship W. A. Scholter, which sailed from Rotterdam for New York on Saturday last, came into collision at 10 o'clock at night on the same day in the English Channel ten miles off Dover with the steamer Rosa Mary and sank almost immediately. The Scholten had on board passengers and crew to the number of 230 and of these only 90 are known to have been saved. Of the remaining 140, 27 have been landed at Dover dead, and fears are entertained that the others were also lost, though some of them may have been picked up by passenger vessels. A dense fog prevailed when the collision occurred. The ship carried five life boats, but only two of them were available, the other three being unseaworthy. The accounts given by the passengers regarding the circumstances of the collision differ, and the reports of the officers of the Scholten conflict with those of the officers of the Rosa Mary.

JOHN MOST, the king bee of the Anarchists in New York, was arrested at his newspaper office on Thursday of last week for having made a revolutionary and incendiary speech at Kraemer's Hall in that city, on the night after the execution of the Chicago Anarchists. Most has only been in this country about three years and landed on our shores just after he had served out a term in an English prison for a too free use of his tongue in defending the assassination of the Emperor of Russia. A year ago last May he was convicted and sentenced one year to the prison on Blackwell's Island in the harbor of New York, for incendiary utterances similar to those he expressed in Kraemer's Hall a week ago last Saturday night. We would like to publish all of Most's speech on that occasion if we had the space, but must be content with only the following extracts:

The murder of our brothers will cry to Heaven for vengeance. Had it happened in Russia it would have caused a rebellion. Shame on the people of this nineteenth century to consent that these men should be hanged. Shame on them, I repeat; but the time will come when they will regret it and avenge our brothers' deaths. "You have murdered our benefactors," they will say, "and you must meet the same fate."

Death to the butchers. Anarchy will live forever. They sought to stop it in Paris in 1871, but they killed 30 000 men and women and Anarchy still remains. So it will be here. For every Anarchist they kill there will be recruits by the hundred. The police fear us, but we do not fear them.

Most's case was taken up in the Criminal Court on Tuesday and it took all day to get 11 jurors, because so many of the jurymen had expressed decided opposition to Anarchy in general and against Most in particular. Freedom of speech must be carefully protected in this country, but the revolutionary tongues of such enemies of law and order as John Most can never be permitted to indulge in unlimited license. If Most don't like the present condition of things in this country, no man will object to his going to one of the South Sea islands, and after he has learned the lingo of the natives setting up a Government after his own heart, with himself as dictator, and running affairs in his own way.

THE following dispatch from St. Paul explains itself and shows that Mr Cleveland's course in the matter spoken of was precisely what every man who understands his character would expect him to take. Unlike the "magnetic" man, whom he defeated three years ago, the President has never been known to "cast an anchor to windward:"

ST. PAUL, November 20.—A pleasing little transaction has come to light that speaks well for the spirit of enterprise of several dealers in real estate in St. Paul. In September, 1886, a tract of land next to Mississippi Park was plotted into an addition and named Cleveland Park, in honor of the President, by the owners. Thinking it would please President Cleveland to know of the compliment, and that he would be pleased to own a corner lot in the addition, they sent him a warranty deed to the corner of Grover and Folsom avenues, and an abstract of title as a present and evidence of their esteem and regard. Yesterday Mr. Hayes received a quit claim deed to the parties mentioned, executed by Grover and Frances Cleveland, accompanied by the following letter in the President's own hand:

I send you with this a quit claim deed, executed by Mrs. Cleveland and myself, to you and other parties who were grantees in a deed to me of premises in Cleveland Park, near the city of St. Paul. The object of the deed enclosed is to reconvey the property described therein to the parties who, with the kindest intentions, transferred it to me as a gift. I don't know why this land should be given to me, and if it is of value I think those who by their enterprise have laid out the park should have the benefit of it. I am much pleased by the kindly feeling which prompted the conveyance to me, and beg to assure you that the pleasure thus afforded is fully equal to that which I should experience by the retention of the lot which I convey.

Yours very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

WHEN a President of France invites one after the other two well-known friends of the Republic to form a Cabinet to take the place of the one that has just resigned, and is told by each that a condition precedent to any such service on their part is his own resignation of the Presidency, his weakness becomes painfully apparent and the end of his rule is fast approaching. This is the condition in which President Grevy of France now finds himself. His Cabinet has resigned and both Clemenceau and Brisson have refused to form a new one except upon the condition above stated. Both these leaders are thorough politicians and understand the feeling of the French people and both would willingly undertake the duties of Prime Minister if they believed they could do so with any hope of being sustained by public sentiment. It seems very evident therefore that President Grevy will be forced to resign. He is a very old man, eighty two years of age, we believe, and his present humiliating position is not due to any official misconduct on his own part, but has been brought upon him by his corrupt son-in-law, M. Wilson, whose conduct in many ways has outraged the French people and brought their upright and well-meaning President into general contempt.

PRIVATE letters received in N. York from Panama say that no work of any importance is being done on the canal. Two leading firms of contractors are said to be embarrassed financially. Another contractor claims over $900,000 from the company. Several judgements have been filed against the Canal Company, and several seizures and sales are advertised. The canal is practically dead already, said a prominent engineer the other day, thought the efforts in Paris to galvanize the remains may keep up an appearance of life for some time to come. The importation of the poor Liberians still continues. They are magnificent specimens of manhood, coal black. It was believed that they could resist this death-dealing climate, but the result has proved otherwise. Of the 282 who were brought there, 36 died within four months.

The Wool-growing Countries.

In spite of high wages and the increasing value of land in the United States, there are reasons for thinking that the wool business of this country is not in altogether a desperate state. Its wool crop is the greatest in the world in proportion to the number of sheep, and is only second in actual amount to that of one other country. This may be partly owing to climate. The improved breeds of sheep and the greater care bestowed upon them in the way of feeding and shelter, however, probably account for the principal part of the difference.

A comparison of the figures representing the flocks and crop of the various wool growing countries will not be without interest to those engaged in the business. The Argentine Republic stands first in number of sheep with 75,000 000 in 1885 and not less than 100,000 000 now. In wool clip, however, it is third on the list, the clip for 1885 being 283 047 000 pounds, an average of 3.7 pounds to the fleece. Australasia, comprising Australia and New Zealand, had in 1884 78 888 710 sheep, producing a clip of 455 470 000 pounds, or an average fleece of 5.7 pounds. The United States had in round numbers 50,000 000 sheep in 1885, with a clip of 302 000 000 pounds, or a trifle more than six pounds to the fleece.

The next highest crop was that of Russia, whose 47 500 907 sheep yielded 202 966 000 pounds of wool, the average fleece being 5.5 pounds. The average fleece in Great Britain was 4.7 pounds; in France, 3.6; in Spain, 3.9, Uruguay, 8.7, while in Germany it was but 2.9 and in the East Indies, including Persia and Turkey, but 2 pounds. These figures show that sheep raising has reached the highest state of perfection in the United States, and that Australia comes second in the list and Russia third.

It is probable that the smallness of the clip in proportion to the number of sheep in the Argentine Republic, where sheep raising is a chief industry, is due partly to the mild climate and partly to the immense flocks scattered over large ranches, the fleeces of which are not so perfectly secured as in the United States, where the flocks are smaller and handled with greater care and economy. These figures show also that the present low price of wool is owing to the immense expansion of the sheep industry which has taken place in Australia and South America within the past ten years.—*Phila. Times.*

The Company Store Swindle.

It was believed that the truck store system had been well nigh extirpated in the Clearfield portion of the coal fields of Pennsylvania, but the abuse appears to be again flourishing in that locality with all its original vigor. In discussing this villainous system of fleecing the wages of honest labor the *Record* has maintained that one of its worst features is its encouragement of unthrift and improvidence among workingmen. A striking proof of this was presented in yesterday's correspondence of the *Record* from the Clearfield region. A score or more of miners have been discharged in that region simply for the reason that they drew their wages in cash and expended the money where they pleased. By their providence, thrift and economy they had made themselves independent of the truck store system. An example so dangerous to the company store could not be overlooked, and these thrifty miners were discharged that their places might be filled by imported laborers.

In spite of the brazen iniquities of the system the impudent pretense has been set up that the company store, which compels laborers to take their wages in truck at excessive prices, protects them against themselves. If they should receive their pay in cash, it is argued, some of them might spend it for beer, and by obliging them to take truck for labor the storekeepers acts as a sort of protector and providence. It is to be observed that the operators who have established this infamous system are to the last man violent and vociferous advocates of Protection to American Industry.

For the continuance of this company store abuse workingmen have themselves much to blame. A bill was introduced at the late session of the Legislature which provided for taxing all the value out of the system. But at the instance of the workingmen's delegates at Harrisburg the bill was so amended as to afford Governor Beaver an opportunity to veto it. In its original form this measure merely followed the principle of the law of Congress which provided for the taxing of all issues of notes and currency other than issues of national banks and was clearly within the power of the Legislature. So simple and effective a measure, however, did not suit the labor delegates and they caused it to be loaded down with absurd amendments. As a result the company store abuse remains unchanged in the mines and the many manufacturing establishments of Pennsylvania.—*Phila. Record.*

The Coming Test.

Our institutions have successfully met the serious tests to which, so far, they have been put, and the belief in the permanency of our form of Government has been strengthened with the victorious outcome of each trial.

It requires no inspired prophet to foresee now that still another test is to be made, and that events are converging rapidly towards the critical point. The question at issue to be decided is: Are there virtue and wisdom enough in the people to prevent legislation from becoming or remaining an instrument in the hands of a few for the extortion of unearned money from the many?

It is only by the control of legislation and of the administration of law that improperly regulated monopolies can be prevented. It is only by this control that the use of public property or franchises can be gained to draw dividends from the people out of all proportion to the money actually invested or the risk undertaken. It is only by this control that corporations, the creatures of legislation, can combine to defeat the wholesome results of competition. It is only by this control that the numerous and increasing "Trusts" can carry out such of their projects as are opposed to public policy. It is only by this control that the growth of colossal fortunes built on extortion from the masses through the means above alluded to become a stench in honest nostrils. The issue as to who shall have this control is being rapidly brought to the front. The case is simply one of Corruption *versus* the People. And it is a very grave one. The test to be made is a vital one to popular rule.—*N. Y. World.*

The Drifton Breaker Fire.

HAZLETON, Pa., Nov. 21.—This region resumed its normal state again to day by a very plausible explanation of the origin of the fire at Coxe Brothers' No. 2 breaker, at Drifton. It now appears that the point under the base of the plane from which the fire spread has always been a depository for refuse waste, saturated with oil; that several men with naked lamps were at work at this point making repairs on Friday night as late as 11 o'clock, and that either this refuse was fired by spontaneous combustion or a spark from one of the lamps of the workmen set fire to it, with the attendant destruction of the entire structure. At any rate, the readily accepted theory of incendiarism has been supplanted by this more sensible explanation, which is now almost universally received.

Barnum's Show Burned Out.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., November 20.—The main building of Barnum & Bailey's show, was entirely destroyed by fire this evening. About 10:30 o'clock an alarm was sounded, quickly followed by a general alarm, and thousands of people were drawn to the spot. In less than 20 minutes the building, which was 600x200 feet and two stories in height, was entirely consumed. The first intimation of the fire was given by the roaring of the lions and tigers, which seemed to realize the impending danger. Next the elephants struggled in their chains, but in an incredibly short time the flames swept from one end of the huge structure to the other. There were six watchmen employed on the premises, but they were helpless to check the flames. One of the men was in the horse building when his lantern exploded, igniting the hay and straw and five of the watchmen have reported, but one is missing. The upper portion of the building was filled with hay and all the paraphernalia of the great show.

Before the first alarm ceased sounding, the whole building was enveloped in fire and no one dared to approach the building, being fearful of the crazed animals. Three elephants were burned up and 36 broke from their fastenings and dashed through the sides of the burning building. Their roars and trumpetings and sounds of torment were terrific. Six elephants and a large African hippopotamus rushed about the streets presenting a sickening appearance. Their sides were burned and great pieces of flesh a foot square fell off. Thirty elephants and one large lion made their escape and have started off across the country toward Fairfield and Easton. Great alarm has seized a great many residents of the West End and they have taken refuge within their houses with windows barred.

William Newman, the elephant trainer, is out of town and the keepers were not able, in the excitement, to hold the frightened animals. In the horse room were all the fine animals, trained stallions, ponies etc. These were all burned. In the upper rooms were the tents, poles, harness, etc., for the entire show, and these too were all destroyed. In the cat room were the birds, monkeys, three rhinoceros, hyenas, tigers, lions and all the menagerie, which fell a prey to the flames as across the main building that the fireman made no attempt to save it, but turned their streams upon the chariot buildings and car sheds, which they succeeded in saving; but the heat was so intense that this was accomplished with the greatest difficulty.

The total loss is estimated at $700,000, upon which there was but $100,000 insurance.

"Drifting" in Safety.

Senator Sherman does not seem to be aware that the fact which he cites in hostility to the Administration—that it is "merely drifting along"—is the very thing which has strengthened the Administration with the Republicans.

If the Administration is not doing anything brilliant or bold, it is not doing anything rash or revolutionary. When the current is favorable, drifting is sometimes the best policy. At least the fact that, as Mr. Depew says, "never in our history were we in such prosperous condition and with our credit upon so stable a basis," and that, still in the words of that eloquent Republican, "never before in the history of the world has the average of wages been so high and the purchasing power of money so great as in the United States to day," conduces to the general satisfaction of the people.

Senator Sherman had experience in 1880 of the effectiveness of the cry in behalf of his own party to "Let well enough alone." Garfield was carried into the White House on the drift of returning prosperity.

In spite of the contrary predictions of Senator Sherman and his Republican seniors, the people see that under Democratic supremacy the country has been peaceful and prosperous—more so, in fact, than it had been in years before. The cry of "wolf" will frighten the voters no more. Gone is the power of the "rebel yell." Fled is the terror of the "tariff scare." Falsified are all the prophecies of evil. If the results which all the people see have accompanied a policy of "merely drifting along," will they not say next year: "Let us continue to drift?"

With the present conditions unchanged, Senator Sherman may rely upon it that the conservative sense of the business community, which has settled so many elections, will say next year to the Republican appeal for a change: "Let well enough alone; we do not want to be upsetting things every four years." The people prefer safety to brilliancy. They would rather drift in favorable currents that to take the chance of being steered upon rocks.—*N. Y. World.*

France's Constitution.

The crisis in France seems productive of various propositions to apply political specifics which are expected by their advocates to strengthen the republic. While M. Clemenceau was consulting with President Grevy, yesterday, on the double problem whether the former can organize a Cabinet and the latter shall resign the Presidency or not, the Radicals brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies two propositions, to make the Presidency elective by the people, and to abolish the Presidency altogether.

As the first idea is exactly the one in force here, it does not seem particularly radical to American Republicans; and indeed its justice is hardly susceptible of much debate. The abolition of a personal executive is a favorite theme with a small number of radical Democra ic thinkers on this side, and with a rather larger party in France. Both, however, seemed equally obnoxious to the French majority, and they were voted down very decidedly.

It is rather difficult to see how the French Chamber can prevent the choice of a President from ultimately resting with the people. The present contest shows the probability that, in case of a deadlock between the President and the Legislature, an appeal to the voters will be made. In such a case the Legislature will be likely to be chosen just as our electors are, with an exclusive view to the President they will select. This will add the further inconvenience that the legislative body will be by the conditions of its creation subservient to the Executive; but the people will have their choice of the President in the end.

The crisis in France is likely to severely test the stability of the republic. Its present aspect affords the United States plenty of ground for congratulation on the superior character of its constitution, both in preserving conservatism and in affording full force to the expression of the popular will. —*Pittsburg Dispatch Nov. 22.*

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.—Trial bottles free at E. James' drug store.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The feat of the man who stole a hot stove has been eclipsed by New York burglars, who stole a safe weighing 1,600 pounds from a barge that sunk to the bottom of the Hudson river.

—Two prisoners in the jail at Lockport, N. Y., carried on a conversation through the bars, which drifted on to matrimonial affairs, and next morning, on being released, they were married. She had been arrested for vagrancy and he for drunkenness.

—Fewer than 4 000 stars are visible to the naked eye, but when the heavens are viewed through a telescope the number seen becomes countless. Herschel estimated when he surveyed the Milky Way that fully 258,000 stars appeared before him in less than one hour.

—One of the voters at the recent election in Haverhill, Mass., was Captain Nicholas Costello, who is 104 years of age. He has always voted the Democratic ticket since he was naturalized, 89 years ago, and is believed to be the oldest Democrat in Massachusetts.

—Two children while returning from near High Prairie, Minn., last Friday week, were attacked by wolves, and before assistance could reach them they were devoured. The wolves attacked some men in the same vicinity, and it was only after a long fight that they escaped.

—A Brooklyn man offered to sweep the sidewalks if a certain candidate was not elected. His favorite was defeated, and the other evening the man kept his word, sweeping both sides of the street for a space of a whole square, while a brass band played and a large crowd cheered.

—Dr. A. Meyer, of Leipsic, has succeeded in reaching the summit of the Kroopeak, in Africa—a feat which several travelers have previously attempted without success. It took him six days to make the ascent. The mountain is an extinct volcano. Dr. Meyer estimates that it is 10 000 feet high.

—On last Sunday week, while two Mormon elders were conducting a meeting near Birmingham, Ala., 50 armed men appeared, dragged the Mormons from the pulpit, took them into the woods and threatened to hang them. They were finally released upon the condition that they would leave the county at once, which they did.

—Sam Johns, a Leota, Miss. negro, became too free with the wood piles of his neighbors a short time ago, and one of them loaded a few sticks for bear. They found their way to Sam's wood box in due time, and last week one of them blew his stove to pieces. Sam was in the room at the time, and narrowly escaped injury.

—Although nearly everyone owns an umbrella, there are but few manufacturers in this country, and the majority of these are in New York and Philadelphia. There are about fifteen factories in New York and nearly the same number in Philadelphia. One of those in New York is said to turn out 10,000 pieces (umbrellas and parasols) daily.

—Mrs. Frank Seacoy, a poor woman in a Nevada village, had her well cleaned and her chickens scratched over the gravel and dirt that came out. A few days afterward she killed one of them, and in its crop was a piece of gold as big as a bean. Mrs. Seacoy at once located a mine in her well, and asks a big price for her hitherto modest property.

—A correspondent who recently visited Belleville, Ill., writes that it seemed to him as if he were in a city of Germany. Out of a population of 19 000 he did not see a dozen Americans, and the manners and customs of the people were those of the fatherland. Beer is almost exclusively the beverage of the town, and even the dogs looked as if they had been brought up on it.

—Matthew Bird, 11 years old, died at his home, No. 1731 Norwood street, Philadelphia, last week, the victim of cigarette smoking. For some time past he had been an inveterate user of the seductive weed, and had often complained of severe headaches. Recently he told his aunt that he had a slight fall from a pair of stilts, and then he had an attack of dizziness. His death is attributed to the combined effects of the cigarette smoking and the fall. The Coroner will investigate the case.

—Thirty monkeys in a New York museum have a performance of their own by which the truth of our old geographers and new ones, too, is proven. Two imitation trees are placed upon opposite sides of the stage and between them flows a rushing river. Thirty monkeys are put on one tree and one on the other. The thirty string themselves together like the links of a chain and then they get themselves swinging out over the river. They keep swinging until the monkey at the lower end catches the tail of the monkey on the other tree. Thus they form a bridge of monkeys over the river, just as the old geographers used to illustrate it.

—The first Chinese lawyer ever admitted to practice in this country, and probably in any country outside of China, was admitted to the bar at the Court House in New York the other day. Hong Yen Chang is the new counselor and attorney-at-law. He has just passed a satisfactory examination before the General Term of the Supreme Court. Lawyer Chang is about 26 years old, and has grown to manhood in New York. He was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1886 and by a special legislative enactment last spring the General Term was directed to waive his race disabilities and admit him to practice on his passing a satisfactory examination. He will live in New York and make a specialty of his countrymen's interests.

—R. W. Cameron & Co., of New York, have been authorized by the Government of New South Wales, of which they are the agents, to offer in behalf of that Government a reward of $125 000 for any method or process of exterminating the rabbits, which have become a pest throughout Australia and New Zealand. In the year 1864 a few English rabbits were introduced into New Zealand as family pets and were finally placed in a small warren in the Botanical Garden at Dunedin. In some unaccountable way these rabbits have multiplied in numbers to such an extent as to become public nuisances, and have also increased in size and destroy not only the vegetables but even the grass to such an extent that the sheep pasturage is seriously affected. The great size of the reward now offered is proof of the urgency of the case, and the fact that the Government offers this reward is evidence of its confidence in American ingenuity and cleverness.

—A year and a half ago there began a sharp demand for one and five cent pieces, which has since grown. The Director of the Philadelphia Mint says he has within the past year received drafts in advance from various banks for $1 500 000 in pennies and nickles and it has taxed the force of the mint night and day to supply the demand. This, says the Director, is the only mint in America where small coins are made, and, in fact, we make most of the large coins. The demand does not come from any one locality, but from nearly every bank in the country. I have tried to discover the cause and I have come to the conclusion that it is owing to unusual commercial prosperity. Business is good generally and a feeling of confidence prevails. The total amount of orders for one and five cent pieces every week ranges from $4 000 to $8 000. During October we coined $2,000,000 worth of silver dollars, $320,000 worth of gold eagles, $350,000 worth of five cent pieces and $41,770 worth of one cent pieces.

—The corn-canning industry in Maine is a great one. Eighty factories have been running there this year, and over 14 000 000 cans of sweet corn have been put up, besides large quantities of apples, beans, tomatoes and other vegetables and fruit. The sales amount to upward of $2,000 000, most of which goes into the pockets of the farmers and workmen. The farmers make a specialty of raising sweet corn, and it is said that the Maine variety is sweeter than any other.

—The clipper ship William J. Rotch, of New Bedford, arrived in New York the other day, having just completed one of the most remarkable voyages in marine history. The ship left Philadelphia for Hiogo, Japan, about 12 months ago, and sailed 21,400 miles in 127 days. She was unloaded, and a new cargo taken aboard, and June 7 she started homeward and made the return passage, covering 21 137 miles in 159 days. In the round trip she covered a distance equal to nearly twice the circumference of the globe in 10 months and 25 days, which includes the time of lying in port at Hiogo, and discharging and loading cargoes. While the direct run outward or inward bound is not remarkable, the time in making the round trip is considered wonderful. Other ships have made remarkable quick passages home, notably the Western Belle, which made the trip from Iloilo, a port almost as distant as Hiogo, in 113 days; but none have covered similar distances under similar circumstances with such despatch.

Pride Rebuked.

The latest baptismal incident is related by a dignified Judge of the Supreme Court of Minnesota. A colored Baptist congregation were out on the border of a conveniently located lake, attending the immersion of a harvest of young converts gathered in at a recent revival. Among the candidates for the rite was a strapping great mulatto woman, whose ample proportions were enhanced by a bustle, itself of no mean dimensions. When she went into the water the minister found the bustle a stumbling block to his holy work. It acted as a buoy for the candidate, floating her up when the minister attempted to put her under the water. After he had experimented two or three times with the candidate, each time being defeated in his purpose by the bustle, one of the dusky brethren on the shore yelled out: "Crowd dat air bustle under the water, parson; crowd it under; its de wickedest thing you've got to deal with."—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

Novel Industry.

While strolling through the South Main Street Market one afternoon a *Tribune* reporter was accosted by the keeper of a stand with the remark: "Look here! Beantoo, ain't they?" Holding up to view a rasin box, he rapped on the wire screen covering the top, and immediately was heard the well known whirring noise made by the California rattlesnakes. Coiled up in the box was a mass of snakes from three to six feet long, nearly filling the box, wriggling and gliding into apparently inextricable knots and constantly in motion. This was explained to the reporter as a new industry which some boys have started living in the Santa Monica Mountains. The "rattlers" are caught by means of a slip-nose of cord and dumped in a tin box and when the sport fills the tin box is covered and brought into town. The mail-it man said that there is a fair commercial demand for "rattlers" from the Chinese, who use them as medicine, and they readily command from 50 cents to $1 each. The Chinese are said to handle them with impunity, and a purchaser yesterday thrust his hand into the box and drew a large rattlesnake out, which he grasped by the back of the head with one hand and pulled open the snake's mouth with the other hand and examined his teeth with all the shrewdness of a horse jockey in a horse trade. The market in snakes will not probably be overstocked if the "beauties" are all as dangerous to keep and particularly if the trade has to be encouraged by the newspaper man turning snake hunter.—*Los Angeles Tribune.*

The Fatted Calf.

The negroes have been holding a camp meeting more than a week near Hillsborough, Ill., and it has lately been largely attended. Elder Jackson, seventy years old, with a great shock of snow-white wool on his head, is the leading and controlling spirit, and to him is due the conception and carrying out of the affair in which the great camp meeting culminated. This was the enactment last week of scenes illustrating the biblical parable of the prodigal son.

Last Sunday week was the time set for the killing of the fatted calf. Shortly after 2 o'clock the unconscious victim of the sacrifice was led to the place of execution. It was a spotted calf about two months old. A portly butcher, who had done much similar service, stood ready, sharpening a huge butcher's knife. The colored members of the meeting congregated on the grand stand and consoled the trembling victim by singing "Fear Not, Trembling One, It Is I," and while the singing progressed the butcher took his axe and disposed of the victim, and in a few moments the life blood was streaming out on the sacrificial alter. As the last death throes of the animal ceased, the chief started up the tune "I Will Walk Through the Gates of the City," to which the portly butcher decapitated the sacrifice and made it ready to serve its future use.

The next scene was enacted last Monday week when the prodigal son returned. It was witnessed by an immense throng of people, white and black. A few minutes before 3 o'clock a blast on an old plantation dinner horn warned the assembled multitude that something was about to happen. As the echoes died away the procession of soldiers marched upon the raised platform. After the singing of several hymns Elder Jackson arose and delivered a sermon on the prodigal son. At the conclusion of the sermon several of the elders made mysterious motions with their hands, as if beckoning to some one; but the prodigal son, concealed behind some shrubbery in some distant field, had forgotten his cue, and it was not until the white-haired Elder Jackson seized the dinner horn and blew a loud, long blast that the ebony hued prodigal realized that it was time for him to appear.

All eyes were turned toward the field, and as Elder Jackson ceased blowing, the prodigal was seen approaching. He wore a ragged red coat and his garments were literally in tatters. He enacted his role well, and when the fond and feeble old father rushed down from the raised platform and ran to meet the prodigal the scene was emotional.

After some sensational shouting and singing and praying the fatted calf, which had been killed Sunday week, and roasted Monday, was served out with great hunks of bread, and the 2,000 people present feasted, the returned prodigal holding the post of honor.

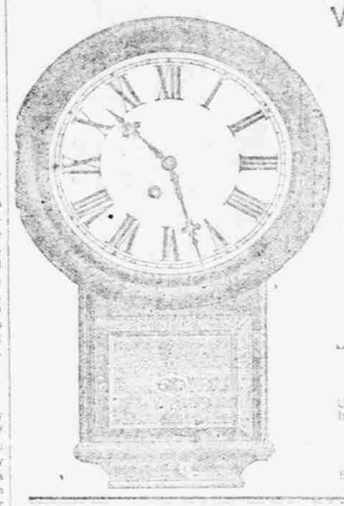
A WORD TO ALL.

Go to GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S, Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa., for Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Stair Buttons,

Oilcloths, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Feathers,

Turcoman Curtains, Madras Curtain Goods, etc., etc. Quality of Goods unequaled and prices the lowest.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY.—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.
Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.



LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.
My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE
Best in the World

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., - New Haven, Conn.

FREE FOR MEN ONLY! VIGOROUS HEALTH!
HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES.
TREATMENT.—Co-Incidents, 25. Two Months, $1. Three Months, $2.
HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mfg Chemists
Office, 24 Park Row, N. Y. Factory, Brooklyn, E. D.
RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliances. Ask for Terms.

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS AT PRIVATE SALE the following valuable property, viz:

HOUSE AND LOT,

situate on Main street, in Carrolltown Borough, and in the business centre of the town—opposite the Mass House. This house is large and commodious, and is in good repair throughout. Good, well-finished and complete cistern and a good orchard. A rare chance for a business man. Also,

A VALUABLE FARM,

situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., about three miles from Carrolltown, containing about 100 acres, about 60 of which are cleared and under good cultivation, with a new frame house and log barn thereon erected. Also, a good orchard of bearing fruit trees. The farm is within three minutes walk of Summit Station on the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad.

For further particulars inquire of George M. Reade, Esq., Ebensburg, Pa., or of the undersigned on the premises.

JOHN MURPHY.

July 29, 1887.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of James Keamy, deceased, late of Allen township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN KEAMY, Jr.,
Admr.

Ebensburg, Oct. 26, 1887.

STRAY SHEEP.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, about two weeks ago, eight sheep, strayed away from the pen of the undersigned. They look like, and also run from her premises in sheep country. The owners are all marked on the back with tar. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

JOSEPH BURWELL.

Ebensburg, Oct. 27, 1887.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Cooney, deceased, of Munster township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

CHARLES COONEY,
Admr.

Munster, Oct. 5, 1887.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will offer at private sale the house and lot situated in the West ward of Ebensburg, fronting on High street and extending back along Mary Ann street on the corner of the same. The house is a large double house in good repair with a good stable, and the lot contains a number of good fruit trees. For terms call on the subscriber residing on the premises.

GEORGE HEILER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 21, 1887.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber residing in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., about July 4th, 1887, one red and white cow and red heifer about two years old. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise, they will be disposed of according to law.

WILLIAM DODSON.

Allegheny twp., Oct. 31, 1887.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following accounts have been filed in the Court of Common Pleas, of Cambria county, and will be presented for said court on the first Monday of December next, unless cause be shown to the contrary:

The account of Wm. H. Sipes, Assignee of John Roehm and wife for benefit of creditors.

First and final account of Benjamin Boreholf, committee of Christian Snyder, dec'd.

M. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Attorney, Oct. 25, 1887.

WHEN you want Job Printing of any kind done give the FREEMAN office a trial.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in building of T. Lloyd, dec'd, Main street. All manner of legal business attended to carefully and collections promptly made.

FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES (BAT.) Of the Easy Roller and Selective Gear Variety. Specifications and estimates furnished on application. Also, Boilers, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, etc. —THOS. KANE & CO., Manufacturers, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. [Mch. 25-'87-1y]

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet free.

DR. OLDSHOE,
434 GRANT STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office Armory Building, opp. Court House.

1794. 1883.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.
Ebensburg, July 1st, 1887.

E. L. JOHNSON, M. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.
Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Money Received on Deposit.
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold and a
General Banking Business Transacted.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, April 4, 1884.-tf.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent.
EBENSBURG, PA.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Henry Glass, late of Ebensburg, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, resident in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

WM. J. HUGHES,
ANN E. GLASS,
Admrs.

Ebensburg, Nov 9, '87.

DECIVERS' NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed auditor of the estates, property, monies and effects, real personal, and mixed, in the hands of Isaac Dodd, late of Munster township, deceased, which from Hon. A. McConnell, to the exercise of which from Hon. A. McConnell, to the exercise of which from Hon. A. McConnell, to the exercise of which from Hon.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 25, 1887.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Mr. William Richinson is now firing on the branch.

—The Public Schools in this place were closed on Thursday.

—Good all wool cashmere gloves for 25 cents at Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—Most of the stores were closed on Thursday, it being Thanksgiving day.

—Judge Johnston and family are on a visit to friends in Westmoreland county.

—On Monday last the Band serenaded a newly married couple at the Blair House.

—Mr. William J. Buck, of Allegheny township, was a visitor to our town on Wednesday.

—Muffs at Mrs. R. E. Jones' at 75 cents, $1 and $1 25.

—An insane prisoner in the Lewistown jail, named John Brode, committed suicide by hanging.

—The youngest child of Mr. James H. Gant died early on Thursday morning from scarlet fever.

—Ex-Sheriff Blair and J. A. Shoemaker each shot a wild turkey in Jackson township on Monday last.

—Mrs. Thomas L. McNamara has purchased the Moore property in the West ward, for the sum of $3,300.

—A white deer was seen in the fields of Mr. L. D. Rankin about three miles west of town one day last week.

—One thousand pounds of ginseng wanted at Dr. Daylonne's, for which the highest market price will be paid.

—Henry McNulty, who was brought to jail here last week, was taken to the insane asylum at Warren on Monday of this week.

—Mr. F. J. Donohoe, of Gallitzin township, was to be seen on our streets on Wednesday.

—The gate receipts of the concert held in the Opera House, this place, on Tuesday night, amounted to about $15.

—Ladies and childrens' white and scarlet underwear very cheap at Mrs R E. Jones'

—Mr. David Evans, while out hunting on Tuesday last a few miles west of this place, shot at a deer but failed to bring it down.

—A new cornet band, to be known as the German cornet band was organized at Gallitzin last week with Peter Smith as leader.

—Mr. E C. Parrish and his two children, who have been down with scarlet fever are, we are glad to write, on a fair road to recovery.

—Mr. Thos. H. Helst, of the Bolton House, Harrisburgh, Pa., is negotiating for the purchase of the Cambria House, in this place.

—Mrs. Murphy of Bradford, daughter of the late John Daugherty, and her little daughter Grace, are visiting friends in this place.

—Last week pensions were granted to William L. Akers, of Johnstown, and William, father of George McCombie, of Carrolltown.

—Mr. Bert Denny, the landlord of the Mountain House is again able to be about after being laid up about two weeks with sickness.

—About 8,000 acres have been leased for oil and gas purposes near Berlin, Somerset county. Two test wells will be drilled within 90 days.

—It is probable that the first train of passenger cars, to be heated by steam, will be put on the Pennsylvania railroad for trial some time next month.

—Messrs. McMillen and Walters, of Johnstown, are fitting up the Catholic church and parsonage at Loretto with steam heating apparatus.

—The Catholic church in Carrolltown will hereafter be heated by steam, a Pittsburgh firm having received the contract of putting the steam fixtures therein.

—A post office has been established at Frugality, on the line of the Cresson & Conport railroad, and W. T. Mitchell has been appointed postmaster.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones has the best assortment of coats in town, at the lowest prices.

—WANTED.—A respectable man to handle our famous Rubber Stamp, etc., in this district. McMahon Bros. & Adams, 212 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—It is reported that Mrs. Woodruff, wife of Hon. L. D. Woodruff, editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, is lying dangerous ill with but little hopes for her recovery.

—Mrs. Wm. Garman, of this place, has purchased the house and lot of Mr. John Kirschner, now occupied by Mr. Lake Weakland, on Sample street in this place for $560.

—It is reported that a slight flow of gas has been struck in boring the well in Jackson township, in the neighborhood of the farm of William Byers, at a depth of about one thousand feet.

—Married at St. John's church in Altoona Tuesday, November 22d, 1887, by Rev. Father Smith, Mr. John S. Parrish, of Altoona, son of Mr. J. D. Parrish, of Ebensburg, and Miss Katie Dunne, of Altoona.

—It is reported that the hunting party of Carrolltown, who had been hunting in the wilds of Clearfield county the past two weeks, captured one deer and wounded another. It is reported a pretty "deer" (?) hunt.

—The Altoona *Times* donned a new dress of type on Monday last, which adds considerably to its always neat appearance. We are glad to note this evidence of the *Times's* prosperity, and hope its patronage may be always on the increase.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mrs. R. E. Jones in another column.

—The fight between Judge Harry White and the County Commissioners of Indiana still goes on. The former recently ordered an elevated chair for the court crier. The bill has been presented to the Commissioners and they refuse to pay it.

—Mr. J. H. Gantdesires us to state to his patrons that during the prevalence of the scarlet fever in his household he will stay away from his barber shop, and that the young man in charge will board at a hotel and keep away from his house.

—A new comet has recently been discovered by the astronomers, it is now visible to the naked eye and may be found in the evening in the northwest sky. The comet is moving eastward, is large and bright, and promises to become more brilliant in a few weeks.

—John McNulty, of Susquehanna township, who was taken to the Mount Hope Insane Asylum, near Baltimore, Md., on Thursday of last week, died in that institution on Monday last, and his remains were taken there to his place on Wednesday last to his home for interment.

—Mr. P. W. Humphreys and Mrs. B. G. Williams, of this place, and Mrs. John A. Jones, of Cambria township returned home on Monday after a three months absence in North Wales, their native land. They all enjoyed good health while abroad and were benefitted by the trip.

—Dyeaxins in cloths and other dress goods at Mrs. R. E. Jones.' Don't fail to see them

--: WM. F. CABLE & CO. :--

The Leading Dry Goods House of Altoona, Penn'a., say they want you to visit their store this Fall (at 1402 Eleventh avenue, Altoona,) to see their Bargains in all Departments. They sell

Seal Plush Wraps. $12.50 to $45; Seal Plush Sacques, $15 to $50; Astrachan Wraps, new, $10 to $20; Astrachan Coats, $3.50 to $12.50; Ladies' Newmarkets $5 to $13.50; Misses' Newmarkets, $3.75 to $12 50; Jersey Jackets, $4.50 to $10; Braided Jackets, $5.50 to 12; Misses' Jackets, $3.50 to 8.50; Children's Coats, $1.75 to 12.50. They have bargains in White, Scarlet and Gray Blankets, Ladies' Gent.'s and Children's Underwear and Stockings, Wool Flannels and Cotton Flannels. Big line of Dress Goods and Silks. Gable & Co.'s is the only strictly one-price Dry Goods House in Central Pennsylvania.

—While a party of Hungarian miners at Moorewood, Westmoreland county were having a high old time Saturday night, the houses of four of the party were entered presumably by their fellow-countrymen and robbed of watches, money, etc., to the amount of $400.

—Messrs D. Simon & Bro., the well known clothing men of Altoona, will be at the Mountain House in this place on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week with a full line of men's and boys' clothing, and furnishing goods. Don't fail to give them a call and see their stock.

—Any person who wants paying work as local or travelling agent for warranted nursery stock should apply at once to James E Whitney, Nurseryman, Rochester, N Y. No experience is necessary, and complete outfit is furnished free. Steady work the year round and all stock warranted to be in good condition.

—An old German custom is adopted in many households at this season, to wit: Take the boughs of cherry and peach trees, place the ends in a vessel of water in a warm room and by Christmas they will be covered with beautiful blossoms and bright green leaves. Large limbs may be used for Christmas trees.

—John Blair, a young man residing in Kittanning township, Armstrong county, met with a very serious and almost fatal accident while out hunting last Saturday. In firing at some game his gun exploded, blowout the breech. It knocked his right eye out, shattered his upper jawbone and broke the bridge of his nose.

—You can get ladies' and childrens' coats at Mrs. R. E. Jones' for less than the cloth would cost.

—Mrs. Rebecca Glass, widow of Henry Glass, deceased, of Allegheny township, on Sunday last accidentally fell on the floor in her house and knocked her shoulder out of place. Mrs. Glass is over eighty years of age, and the operation of pulling the injured bone into place was very severe. She is getting along very well.

—Miss Nene Roberts, daughter of Mr. C T. Roberts, of this place, while out walking with some friends on Friday of last week had the misfortune to sprain her ankle. Miss Roberts intended visiting Allegheny City on Monday last but was delayed until Wednesday, when she took her departure and is now the guest of Miss Sadie L. Stevenson, the well-known elocutionist of that city.

—The following named persons can each receive a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post office: Anderson & Evick, Abraham Byers, William Dover, H. H. King, Chas. O. Rom, E. R. Sebring, Geo. A. Yost, Mr. Charles Watts, (2), Edna Campbell, Matilda J. Johnson, Mrs. Mattie Landkin, Annie M. Nagle, Mrs Tillie R. Sharp, Mrs. Mary Stahley.

—It is estimated that the farmers of Berks and half a dozen others counties in eastern Pennsylvania are the losers of from $50,000 to $75 000 by investing in the Pennsylvania Bohemian Oats Association. Efforts to compromise having failed, a meeting of all the victims was recently called at Reading to proceed against the association civilly and criminally.

—A large new steam tannery is to be erected in this place in the near future. The ground has been purchased from Hon. A. A. Barker, and the tannery will be located a short distance west of the terminus of the railroad on the same ground where a tannery stood about seventy-five years ago. Mr. George Hetler, of this place, who is a practical tanner, will have charge of the concern.

—A youngson of Hon. Daniel J. McLaughlin, of Johnstown, who was attending Mount Gallitzin Seminary in this place, got homesick and stole away on Friday morning of last week about six o'clock, and taking the railroad for it, walked the entire distance to his home, thirty-five miles, arriving there at ten o'clock at night. He was very tired and almost worn out on his arrival at home, he having had nothing to eat from the time of starting.

—A blast Tuesday afternoon at the bluff opposite the P. R. R freight station destroyed a quarter of a mile of wire and a number of posts of the Western Union Telegraph line. Workmen are busy repairing the damage. Incidents of this kind happen frequently along the railroad, where blasting has to be resorted to. The service of the Telegraph Company is considerably interrupted, but the trouble seems unavoidable.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—The opinion of the Clerk of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, noted in our editorial columns, that a marriage license is good until used, will, no doubt bring joy to the heart of a man residing in an adjoining township to Cambria, who got his intended better half's courage up to the point of appearing quietly one evening about a year ago before the Clerk of the Orphans' Court and taking out the license, but up to this time from what cause we have failed to learn, the ceremony has not been performed. Hurry up.

—On Tuesday morning fire broke out in a building owned by the Cambria Iron Company in Johnstown on Locust street between Market and Walnut, and occupied by the English and Classical school, and before the flames could be subdued the interior of the building was entirely burned out, together with most of the roof and part of the outside frame work. The building was insured for $3 500 which will nearly cover the loss. The building was heated with stoves supplied with natural gas, and it is supposed that the gas was the origin of the fire.

—The citizens of Coalport were startled about one o'clock on Wednesday morning by a cry of fire which brought a crowd to Sol. Wartelsky's store, but instead of a fire the fact wrs developed that a bold burglary had been committed. The burglars gained access to the building by breaking a window One of the burglars shot at Mr. Wartelsky but fortunately without effect. There is no clue as to whom they were. Mr. Wartelsky has an overcoat in his possession that the burglars dropped in their haste to get away. All the watches and rings stored in his safe are gone and beeween $600 and $700 in money.

—George Makin, of Jackson township, was given a hearing and held in the sum of $500 for his appearance at Court, before Justice Rutledge, in Johnstown on Saturday last, charged by Adam Varner with horse stealing. It appears that Makin and Varner traded horses and that Makin was worsted in the transaction. A night or so after the trade the horse Varner got from Makin was taken out of his stall in the former's stable and the horse obtained by Magic from Varner was substituted. Varner thinks Makin made the change, and he therefore brings suit for the theft of the animal.

—On Wednesday of last week Miss Amelia Converry, a daughter of Mr. James Converry, who a few years ago was a resident of this place, died of typhoid fever in the Mercy Hospital at Pittsburg. On last Sunday Mrs. Converry died in the same hospital with the same disease, and we understand four others of the family are in the hospital with the typhoid fever. Miss Amelia was about twenty five years of age, and Mrs. Converry was about forty-seven and leaves eight children still living.

—If you wish to keep your boys at home make home a place they will love. If your boy brooks the sternness of catechism discipline, give him Walter Scott. If you make home a prison your boy will find an open green to gambol on. The winter nights are upon us, and the question too often with country parents is: What shall we do with our boys?" We will tell you. Call your neighbors' boys in your own home and let your boys go to your neighbors.' Give them games at home—dominoes, a fiddle, a dance, or anything innocent. Stay them with apples and fill them with cakes. Make home lovable, and not one where you get a growl in the morning and some antiquated, morbid text of no meaning in the evening. Boys do not ruin themselves. They are often ruined by their parents.

—On Wednesday of last week the officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company recognized the justice of the request of the engineers and firemen of the pusher locomotives, that are located at East Conemaugh and at Altoona, to turn all their engines at Gallitzin instead of running through to Altoona, or in coming west to run to East Conemaugh. Under the former arrangements the men were away from home a great deal of their time, and then freight trains were often held several hours on account of the pushing engines being at the other end of the route. The Brotherhood of Engineers made these represen ations to the Company, and the order was issued at once to place the engines back as they formerly were between Altoona and Gallitzin. The men now are on duty for twenty-four hours, and then off the same length of time. The change is made at 8 o'clock in the morning, instead of at 12, as before.

—It is learned from the Ridgeway *Democrat* that William Rorick, an old hunter of that place, went out to shoot deer the other day, taking advantage of the late fall of snow by which to track them through the wood. On Sunday, somewhere in the Bear Creek region, he killed a deer, and while in the act of cutting it up was shot by Phila Christler, who saw the head of the deer, but not Mr. Rorick, who was partly concealed by the underbrush. It seems that Mr. Rorick was holding the head of the deer in his arms when the mistake was made by Mr. Christler, who, seeing the head, fired at a point where he supposed the body of the deer to be, not thinking that a human being was within a mile of the locality. The bullet went through the fleshy part of Mr. Rorick's thighs, causing a bad but not fatal wound. The unfortunate man was brought to Lewis, where he was at once cared for and is doing well.

Items From Hemlock.

HEMLOCK, PA., Nov. 23, 1887.

ED. FREEMAN: After a short absence from your respective columns I thought I would give you a few items of interest from our little village.

I noticed in your last week's issue of the FREEMAN that the cabin on the mountain belonging to the Lilly game association was consumed by fire; I will now state that it was only a rumor to try to get the insurance, and I now tender ye editor an invitation to call at your earliest convenience, as our orders from guests for winter quarter are limited.

Mr. Jacob Beck, an old and respected citizen, had the misfortune to get badly injured by a fall of coal in M. H. Piper & Co.'s mines above Lilly, Wednesday of last week. He has two brothers, Peter and John Beck, living in the north of the county. Mr. Beck is aged about 58 years.

By some cause or other Messrs Laugman & Co.'s coal chutes took fire one day last week and burned clear to the ground, as well as several wagons laden with coal, their oil house, tools, etc. Loss about $3 000.

On Saturday night the store of Caron Leahy was entered by burglars and a quantity of goods taken therefrom, consisting of costly overcoats and other goods. As they have a large store it is difficult to fix the definite amount taken, but it will probably amount to two or three hundred dollars. I would suggest that all business men go together and hire a night police, as there are too many burglaries these days elsewhere as well as here.

Since writing of the robbery at Caron Leahys' I understand either the robbers or some other damnable wretch cut the tail off of his cow; this is to cruel for anything, and if the perpetrator is found out he ought to get a coat of tar and feathers and then set on fire.

A party of hunters started in pursuit of game on Monday morning and returned on Tuesday evening, never getting a feather. Ask them where the game is, either they could not get a fair shot or their gun failed to go off.

Mr. Jacob Beck is improving some at this writing.

The squeal of the hog can be heard pretty often just now. Butchers are slaughtering them by the millions, Oh! I mean dozens. X.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, November 24th, 1887:

Peter Eemire, Wilmore, and Annie Mary Kechner, Johnstown.

Grant Moses and Lizzie B. Kennedy.

Harry Eka and Maggie A. Lightner, Johnstown.

George Bassett and Mary Subert, South Fork.

William Schreyer and Theresa Hartsberger, Franklin.

Robert Johnston, Allegheny township, and Elizabeth Maloney, Clearfield township.

Nicholas Darough, Mill creek, Pa., and Sarah Ann Kelis, Jackson township.

William Gallagher, Allegheny township, and Mary A. Smith, Munster township.

Joseph Auer and Emma May Morris, Morrellville, Pa.

Fielding Bundy and Florence Brown, Johnstown.

John Zeather, Tyrone, Pa., and Annie Bradley, Ebensburg.

Henry Austin Zimmerman, Richland township, and Annie May McVicker, Gelstown.

William Sedie Halferty, Johnstown, and Emma S. Sieck, Conemaugh township.

George Rogers and Sadie Bingham, Johnstown.

John Carr and Mary McMonigle, Prospect.

Patrick Sutton, Lower Yoder township, and Mary J. O'Brien, Ocoen Road, W. Va.

William H. Mock, Johnstown, and Martha Elizabeth Custer, Millville.

Local Institute.

In accordance with a call for a local institute of the teachers of the townships of Croyle and Summerhill and the South Fork Independent District and Wilmore borough, issued by Chairman, D. V. Poling, several teachers of the district met in the school house in Summerhill, on Saturday, Nov. 19, but as the attendance was not large, and the chairman being absent (it was presumed, unavoidably), no formal meeting was held; but an agreement was entered into by the teachers in attendance to meet in the Wilmore school house on Saturday, Dec. 3d at 1:30 o'clock, P. M. The following *Programme of exercises* was thereupon mapped out for the occasion:

Music by the pupils of the school; how to teach grammar, Miss A. C Criste; geometric figures and their application in the school room, J. McCormick; music in the schoolroom, D. V. Poling; teaching physology to beginners, Miss M. Dougherty; primary teaching, Miss Sara McGeough; song by pupils; geography, Miss C. McCabe, how to teach fractions to beginners, Mr. Thomas Whitten; recitation, Miss Lois Plotner; recitation, Miss L. Berghane; instrumental music, Miss Emma J. Krise; elementary composition, Prof. T. J. Ikell; how to teach reading to beginners, Mr. J. V. Fleck; "the teacher's dream," an original poetical composition, will be read by J. McCormick.

The teachers of the district here by extend a cordial invitation to Supt. Cramer and all other friends of education to be present and participate in the proceedings of the Institute, for the success of which those having the matter in charge will make an earnest, and, it is to be hoped, a successful endeavor.

THE COMMITEE.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain."—Try a bottle, 50c. and $1. at E. James' drug store.

I Have

been an annual suffer from hay fever for forty years. It recurring about Aug. 20th each year. For several summers I have used Ely's Cream Balm with excellent results. I am free from any asthmatic symptoms. I hope many sufferers will be induced to try the remedy.—George Earp, Baltimore, Md.

I have been afflicted with hay fever from early in August until frost. My eyes would run a stream of water and I sneezed continually. I was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like a charm and I can say I am entirely cured.—Mrs. me line Johnson, Chester, Conn.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, of Loretto.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE

—OF—

Seated and Unseated LANDS!

THE COMMISSIONERS OF CAMBRIA COUNTY will offer at Public Sale in the Court House, in Ebensburg, on

Monday, December 12, 1887,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following pieces and tracts of seated and unseated lands which were purchased at Treasurer's Sales, and have been held five years subject to, but without redemption. If all the lands are not sold on said day, the sale will be continued from day to day until all the said lands have been sold.

SEATED LANDS.

Acres.	Unseated.	Per's.	NAMES.	Year of Purchases.
			Adams Township.	
50			Daniel Murphy	1880
			Allegheny Township.	
1			Samuel Wi[illegible]	1883
			Barr Township.	
125			Jos. Roffner	1887
15			J. A. Trout	1882
			Croyle Township.	
50			Theodore Mangus	1880
75			Jacob Burkey	1880
25			William D. Miller	1880
81			Solomon Neal	1880
	1		James A. Bortine	1880
	1		Jas. O'Corner	1881
	1		Jno. Tolly	1880
	1		Jacob Vogelsin	1882
	1		Jacob Frinele	1882
			Cambria Township.	
50			Mary Striver	1880
50			Mary Rees	1880
25			Jacob and Geo. Schrift	1882
140			Wm. Nolta, Rachel	1882
1			Wm. J. Jones	1882
			Clearfield Township.	
25			Robert Hewit	1880
			East Conemaugh Bor.	
	1		John Shaffer	1880
	1		H. Beard	1882
			Conemaugh Township.	
	1		James Nilson (est)	1880
125			Samuel Miller	1880
43			Abe Goughnour	1880
	1		David Rodkey	1880
			Lewis Bahmier, (Lia's l)	1882
			Croyle Township.	
	1		John Lovel	1878
			Dean Township.	
25			Robert Hewit	1880
			Gallitzin Borough.	
	1		Henry J. nson	1880
	1		John McHugh	1880
			Gallitzin Township.	
35			Philip Clark (est)	1880
			Jackson Township.	
50			Michael J. Kaer	1880
		½	Samuel Snagle	1882
			Johnstown Borough 3d Ward.	
		½	Samuel Snagle	1882
			Johnstown Borough 4th Ward.	
	1		August Blackburn	1882
	1		Conrad Smith	1882
	1		Henry Reese	1882
	1		Charles Murray	1882
	1		Jacob Fromer	1882
	1		Henry Michaels	1882
			Munster Township.	
			Henry McIntosh	1880
			Portage Township.	
121			Ross McGough	1880
1			Same	1880
100			Joseph Heise	1881
137			Hosanna McEntire	1882
	1		C. C. Geary	1882
	1		Christ Hauer	1882
	1		Isaac Shaffer	1882
			Prospect Borough.	
	½		Matthew M. Dermott	1880
	1		Anthony Cameron	1882
	1		Sarah A. Green	1882
			Richland Township.	
	1		Patrick Dorsey	1872
			Reade Township.	
			Hollen Conifer	1882
			Susquehanna Township.	
20			Joseph Graver	1880
90			Joseph Stiffer	1882
3				
			Taylor Township.	
	2		John H. Good	1883
30			Anthony Prescott	1880
4			Michael Cutz	1880
9			Michael Cutz	1880
			Stonycreek Township.	
	1		Nicholas Nour	1880
	1		B. F. Slick	1880
			White Township.	
2			Daniel Helsel	1879
	1		Mc Hinky Jefferies	1880
83			Samuel Akin	1888
3			Alex. C. Gray	1882
			Washington Township.	
½			Samuel Thomas	1878
11			Thomas Barnes	880
1			Catharine McCullough	1880
8			Patrick Dondy	1880
1	1		Philip Geurge	1882
	1		F. P. Myers	1882
	1		James McMahon	1882
			Yoder Township.	
100			Wadsworth M	1880
400			Jacob Gates	1880
50			John Lohr	1880
400			Geo. Gates (est)	1880
270			Same	1880
	1		Jeremiah Pittrod	1880
			Yoder Township.	
	1		Thomas Myers	1882
6	1		Sylvester Garrity	1882
80			John E Smith	1882
	1		John White	1882
	1		Peanel Eldridge	1882
	1		Chas. Brede	1882
1			Daniel H. Richard, Jr.	1882
	1		Geo. Davis	1882
10			P. J. Howe	1882
	1		John O'Conner	1882
	1		Joseph Jenkins	1882
1			Baltzer & Co	1882

UNSEATED LANDS.

Acres.	Per's.	NAMES.	Year of Purchases.
		Adams Township.	
400		Henry Rice	1880
400		——— O Neill	1882
		Barr Township.	
	80	Daniel Barr (part)	1880
		Blacklick Township.	
7	112	William Cameron	1880
		Cambria Township.	
80		William Barnhamer	1880
25		Jno. Boyd	1880
		Cheat Township.	
270		Finney & Barrow & Co	1880
		Dean Township.	
330		John Brotheeline	1880
400		Andrew Gray-on	1882
		Jackson Township.	
62		Alex. Hunter	1878
100		David Stubb	1881
150		Samuel Sibbon	1880
99		Jno. Steel	1880
68		Isaac Bowers	1880
		Reade Township.	
170		Jas. E. Davis	1882
200		Jno. Reel	1882
4.9		Patrick Butcland	1882
		Taylor Township.	
15		Mary Whitman	1882
		White Township.	
98		Henry Philips	1880
63		Fred Deren	1880
20		William Custz	1880
		Gallitzin Township.	
142	125	John Gray	1882
		Washington Township.	
264		Michael Ryan	1879

The owners of the above pieces and tracts of land desiring the same to be sold by applying to the Commissioners at their office before the time of the sale, and by paying the amount of the purchase by the Commissioners, accrued taxes since, and interest on all amounts together with the costs of transfer of deed and of this advertisement.

DAVID HAMILTON,
JAMES CUSTLOW,
JOHN KIRBY,
Commissioners.

D. A. McGough, Clerk.

Ebensburg, Nov. 10, '87.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the following named accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 7, A. D 1887, to wit:

1. The first and final account of Angelbert Hender, executor of Mary Luther, late of Carroll township, deceased.

2. The second and final account of John H. Douglass, surviving executor of Thomas Adams, Sr., late of Clearfield township, deceased.

3. The second and final account of Eliza Rowland, executor of John Lowe, deceased, late of Jackson township.

4. The first and final account of A. W. Rock, administrator of Stephen G. Callar, deceased, late of Washington township.

5. The first account of Sylvester W. Byrne, guardian of minor children of William Young, deceased.

6. First and final account of John B. Overberger, executor of Michael Overberger, late of Carroll township, deceased.

7. First and final account of M. L. Glasgow and W. E. Glasgow, administrators of Eliza Noble, late of Reade township, deceased.

8. The first and final account of Job Morgan, administrator of T. A. of Richard Morgan, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

9. First and final account of Catharine and William W. Garman, administrators of William A. Ivory, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.

10. First and partial account of Evan Thomas, administrator of Eliza Thomas, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

11. The account of H. J. Roberts, administrator Susan L. Morrell, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

12. First and final account of Joseph Heslop, administrator of Mary Heslop, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased.

13. First account of William M. Dodson, guardian of minor children of Joseph Fieldhouse, late of Millville borough, deceased.

14. Third and final account of John D. Beese, administrator of Joseph Fieldhouse, late of Millville borough, deceased.

15. First and final account of Joseph Hogue, administrator of Teresa Sidaman, late of Cambria township, deceased.

16. First and final account of W. J. Haver, administrator of Frederick Shade, late of Lower Yoder township, deceased.

17. Second account of John H. Douglas, guardian of minor children of Magdalena Luther late of Clearfield township, deceased.

18. First account of Joni Gurey, administrator of Daniel H. Donley, late of White township, deceased.

19. First account of Joseph A. Gray, trustee to sell real estate of F. X. Christy, late of Gallitzin township, deceased.

20. First account of Joseph Youngkin, trustee to sell real estate of David Youngkin, late of Reade township, deceased.

21. First and final account of O. J. Westover, administrator of John Westover, late of Susquehanna township, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR, Register.

Ebensburg, Nov. 7, '87.

TRIAL LIST.

Blanch & Stutzman	vs.	R. & O. R. R. Co.
Thomas	vs.	Rex.
McLaughlin	vs.	Filon.
Williams	vs.	Vinton.
Bracken	vs.	Farabaugh.
Same	vs.	Same.
Krause	vs.	Rex.
King	vs.	C. U. Co. & N. Y. S. R. R. Co.
Dibert	vs.	Bradley, et. al.
Peters Adm'r	vs.	McHugh.
Mehallagh	vs.	Perry.
Tegler	vs.	McKenna.
Cole's use	vs.	Nobley.
Myers	vs.	Hutwon.
Flick	vs.	Lorentz Bor.
Goll	vs.	Walbon.
Nobley	vs.	Kramer, Mann & Co.
Shoemaker	vs.	Same.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, Nov. 7, 1887.

$50 Reward.

The school district of Allegheny township will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found breaking into, injuring or in any manner defacing any of the school property of said township.

HUGH DRINKEL,
Allegheny twp, Oct. 27, 1887. President.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Peter Banan, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to JOHN BANAN, Adm'r.

Loretto, November, 14, 1887. 6t.

$125 A WEEK. Agents Wanted. THE AMERICAN HOME AND FARM CYCLOPEDIA by H. R. ALLEN, A. M. M. D., and 140 COLLEGE and SPECIALISTS. 12 Books in one volume of *immediate* and *constant* value for both its cost, to Farmers, Live Stockmen, Horticulturists, Builders, Housekeepers, Money-Makers and all who have, or aspire to have homes. Over 1100 Pages and 2000 Illustrations. This new volume contains such *attractions* as *practical value* as was never before seen in a book. Positively $25 to $125 a week made by capable canvassers. OUTFIT FREE, FREIGHT PAID and CREDIT GIVEN *honest* men. Descriptive Circulars, Terms Notices, Agents' Reports and Terms FREE. *Why work for barely bread and butter?* Send at once for [illegible]. Address THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO., 329 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Minerva Eckels by her next friend John W. Harris vs. Grant Eckels } IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 1, June Term, 1887. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To GRANT ECKLES, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Minerva Eckels, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony with you, and why you should not be punished for your contempt in not appearing to answer the complaint and libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 10 day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1887.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Elizabeth Hengentable by her next friend Henry Bower vs. John C. Hengentable. } IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 1 June Term, 1887. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To JOHN C. HENGENTABLE, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Elizabeth Hengentable, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she has contracted with you she said John C. Hengentable, accused. Her to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 10th day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, December 14, 1887.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Hannah E. Weible by her next friend John Wlisin vs. Frank Weible. } IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 1, June Term, 1887. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To PETER KELLY, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Hannah E. Weible, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony with you she has contracted with you the said Frank Weible, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 10 day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, November 11, 1887.

OCURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the HON. ROBERT L. JOHNSTON, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of the 47 h Judicial District consisting of the County of Cambria, has issued his precept bearing date the 16th day of September, 1887, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Ebensburg for the County of Cambria and to commence on the First Monday of June, 1887, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is HEREBY GIVEN, that the Coroner, Justices of Peace, Aldermen, and Constables of said County of Cambria, be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day with their rolls, inquisitions and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done and those who are bound in recognizance to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Cambria county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand at Ebensburg, the 31st day of October, in the year of our Lord 1887, and the One Hundred and Twelfth Year of the Independence of the United States.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1887.

Widow's Appraisements.

Notice is hereby given that the following named appraisements of property appraised and set apart for widows of decedents under the Act of Assembly of the 4th of April, 1851, having been filed in the Register's office, at Ebensburg, in and for the County of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 7th, 1887, to wit:

1. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for

The Ethics of Hugging.

Hugging is a comparatively modern institution. Our ancestors never hugged. They calmly and demurly embraced. There's a big difference between a hug and an embrace. The hug is an earnest, quick impetuous contraction of the muscles of the arms and chest when the object to be hugged lies within the circle bounded by the arms, while the chest is the goal or final point of the hug. The warmth of the hug is determined by the extent of the muscular contraction. But the hug is not, as anatomists assert, terminated when the object is brought in contact with the chest. On the contrary, the sweeping in is but the shell of the operation. The kernal is reached when the space between the hugger and the hugee is annihilated, and the blade of a knife could hardly be inserted between both surfaces. This is, perhaps, the most dangerous stage of the operation. A pound, nay, a few ounces, of extra pressure, may result, if not in the displacement of a rib, at least in the bursting of a corset-string, with the almost inevitable destruction of bangs, montagues, puffs, and such like headgear. The release, if not skillfully managed, is also attended with danger, and should be as gradual as elementary pressure.

Expressions of anguish on the part of the hugee may, as a rule, be regarded as hypocritical, and should have no effect in inducing the hugger to diminish the pressure. In like manner all danger signals in regard to the arrival of a third party on the scene should be investigated by the party of the first part before receiving the attention the genuine arrival of a parent or guardian might command. This may be done by a quick glance over the shoulder, and this rapid change of the direction of the head may be accomplished by a little practice, without making any relaxation of pressure necessary. If the warning should prove to be without foundation the deceit may be punished by from two or three pounds of additional pressure, but so gradual that none of the ornaments of the person hugged may suffer. These little incidents ruffle the temper and embitter the memory of the operation. The small affairs of the toilet are not accomplished easily, and the female mind is ruffled by the destruction of the laborous embellishments of the morning hour.

The empace is merely the throwing out and partial contraction of the arms, without any special attention to an objective point. Near relatives should be embraced and not hugged. An especially young and pretty aunt may be excepted, and cases are known where an extremely juvenile and goodlooking step-mother has been the occasion of the merging of the embrace into the hug. But this is rarely done, particularly if the embracer is dependent on the purse of the old man for the necessities as well as the luxuriesof life. To embrace a mother-in-law is a hollow mockery, and should be attempted only when some important object has to be attained, and even then it is hardly excusable.

How Two Young Ladies Were Disappointed by Failing to Get There.

One evening last week a plump, pretty and decidedly dashing young lady of Sunbury came up town to make a few purchases. The evening was wet and disagreeable and she stepped into a store on Market street a few minutes. Whether it was the weather or the sight of the strangers in the store that impelled her to stop will remain forever a dark and unfathomable mystery, but stop she did. Being somewhat of a masher she turned smiling eyes upon the "new dude in town," and the proprietor of the shop, who is never outdone in politeness, seeing this, introduced the charming pair. The conversation that ensued was commonplace, but finally the gentleman asked her if she would go the opera house that evening. She looked triumphantly as she said, "Oh yes, I would be delighted to go," and they parted mutually pleased. Arriving home she told her mother the whole story, who told her she could not go with a comparative stranger unless her elder sister accompanied them. While affairs were in this state and the hands of the clock pointed past seven, a rap was heard and the gentleman ushered into the parlor, The young lady told him the circumstances and seeing what he was in for he said, "Trot in the sister." After a few minutes she appeared, but in the meantime he had been thumping the piano and warbling sweet and plaintive song, and the girl was all broke up on him. He surveyed the situation carefully and then said he must go up and get another ticket, as he only had two, but would be back in a short time. The ladies agreed and sat down to await his arrival. Eight o'clock came, no dude; half past eight had journed into the bygone, but he had failed to materialize. Tuechimes of the clock registered nine, but his chair by the hearth was still vacant, and with its echoes ringing in their ears they concluded the villain had fled, and they retired to dream of new worlds to conquer.

Bran for Horse Feed.

Bran is so light that it is popularly believed that there is little substance or value in it. In warm mashes for cows it gives a great increase in the milk yield, as every farmer knows. Most of them account for this, however, by the belief that milk is so largely water, and that the water which cows drink with the bran is mainly responsible for the increasing supply of milk. But the substance in both milk and bran is greatly underestimated. Milk, even after the cream is removed, is a very nourishing food, and the nutriment is of a kind that the bran is peculiarly adapted to supply. It supplies the proteme which appears in the albumen of milk. Precisely the same kind of materials are required to give strength to working horses. Those who feed bran to horses largely are most in favor of it. One of its advantages is in keeping the horse from becoming constipated on dry feed and grain. It is a cheap and valuable feed for horses at any time, and especially while changing their coats in the Spring.

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Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was fairly run down when I heard of Askine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years."

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Askine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Askine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE ASKINE CO., 84 Warren St., New York.

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clears out rats, mice, roaches flies, ants, bedbugs.

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Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."
Quiex, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

Bed-Bugs, Flies.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."
Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."
Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

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Corrects offensive odors of ozena. Complete cure of worst chronic, also unequaled as a gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

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Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1

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"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles ants.

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	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Cresson,	9.00	11.10	5.25
Lockett,	9.07	11.20	5.35
Munster,	9.14	11.28	5.42
Noel,	9.19	11.33	5.47
Kaylor,	9.26	11.41	5.53
Bradley,	9.30	11.47	6.02
Ebensburg,	9.40	12.01	6.16

LEAVES—SOUTHWARD.

	No. 1. A. M.	No. 2. A. M.	No. 3. P. M.
Ebensburg,	7.05	10.50	3.00
Bradley,	7.15	10.59	3.15
Kaylor,	7.21	10.15	3.24
Noel,	7.26	10.20	3.30
Munster,	7.30	10.25	3.36
Lockett,	7.36	10.32	3.46
Cresson,	7.45	10.40	4.00

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.

LEAVES—NORTHWARD.

	Mail A. M.	Exp. P. M.
Cresson,	9.10	5.20
Wildwood	9.28	5.33
Dawson,	9.32	5.38
Anshry,	9.45	5.44
Ashville,	9.52	5.51
Millside,	10.00	5.57
Dysarts,	10.06	6.01
Condron,	10.10	6.05
Dean,	10.16	6.09
Frugality,	10.27	6.17
Shirley,	10.35	6.23
Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.26
Flyn City,	10.49	6.34
Coalport,	11.01	6.45
Rosebud,	11.04	6.45
Irvona,	11.10	6.50

LEAVES SOUTHWARD.

	Mail P. M.	Exp. A. M.
Irvona,	2.34	7.00
Rosebud,	2.36	7.05
Coalport,	2.78	7.07
Flyn City,	2.48	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.57	7.25
Shirley,	3.00	7.27
Frugality,	3.08	7.32
Dean,	3.15	7.41
Condron,	3.20	7.45
Dysart,	3.24	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.52
Ashville,	3.35	8.00
Amsbry,	3.42	8.05
Dawson,	3.50	8.14
Wildwood,	3.55	8.17
Cresson,	4.10	8.30

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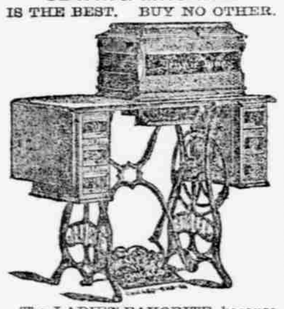

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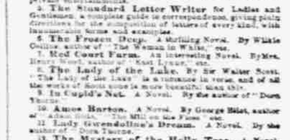

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Two Anecdotes of Soldiers Who Lost Their Courage When Bullets Flew.

Major J. H. Skelton related in our hearing the following diverting incidents of the sanguinary battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam.

General Barksdale drew his brigade up in line and addressed them in substances as follows:

"Men, upon this battle hangs, in all probability, the destiny of the Confederacy, the destiny of our beloved homes, the destiny of our property, the destiny of our fathers, of our mothers, of our wives, of our sweethearts; then let every man of us be a 'hero of strife' and acquit ourselves like men. If there be a man among you that possesses none of the precious things that I have just enumerated and feels that he has nothing to battle for, if he will step to the front I will give him permission to retire to ignominious safety."

At this juncture two lean, lank, dirt eating looking shadows of men stepped to the front, and one of them, in nasal tones, drawled out:

"Gen'rul me'n him," pointing to his comrade, "hain't got no home, no pappy, no mammy, no wife, no sweetheart, an' nary nigger—kin we go?"

The General looked at them with withering scorn for a few seconds, and then pointing to the woods in the rear, thundered, "Git!" And they got.

While the battle was at its height and the cannons' thunder fairly made the ground quake, and the shells and grapeshot shrieked through the murky air like veritable demons, General "Ranse" Wright saw a fellow running ont of the fight like a scared babbit. The General drew his pistol, and, putting spurs to his horse, intercepted the recreant soldier and shouted to him:

"Go back to your place, sir; go back, or I'll shoot you!"

The frightened skulker yelled back: "Shoot and be——to you; them fellers hev got a d——sight bigger guns than you hev!" and darting under the General's horse's belly, incontinently took to his heels.

The Annual Devil Festival in China.

The Devil Festival is said to have originated in a legend of the mother of a fabulous person, Mu-lien; she was about the wickedest person then in existence, there being no crime which she left uncommitted. After her death, she appeared one night to her son Mu-lien, with a heavy wooden collar around her neck, and she harrowed his soul with the tale of her sufferings in the lower regions. She said she was enduring the penalty of her unnumbered sins during her earthly life and pleaded with her son to deliver her out of the hands of Pluto. This to him seemed an almost impossible task, as no human being can enter the dark regions and return alive.

She told him that he must become a Buddhist priest, and that there was a door in a certain Buddhist temple which he could open and so let out the prisoners from the shades below. The son, being filial, obeyed the behests of his mother, and sought out a well known Buddhist priest in a certain famous temple and asked to be admitted as a novice. As his life was pure the priest willingly admitted him. After having been there several months and learned all the Buddhist prayers, he sought out the door that led to the lower shades, whither the wicked ones had gone, and, remembering his mother's instructions, he knocked open the door. The Judge Pluto being always willing to release his victims upon the intercession of saints, he has set all his prisoners free for a certain length of time every year, beginning on the 15th of the seventh moon, ever since the time when St. Mulien knocked open the door.

It has become customary for the people throughout the country, in the seventh moon of every year, to worship their ancestors, whose spirits are then at large. The annual Devil Festival held by the Cantonese and Fuhkienese began to-day by theatricals, etc., at their cemetery below Hsing Hua Chun. It will last three days and three nights. The people from Canton and Fuhkien provinces are not few, and those whose remains are buried here are numerous. The amount of paper clothes, money, etc., burned to the departed is consequently very great. The spectators of theatrical plays rush in from every part of the city. The streets are enlivened by numerous passing mule curts and jinrickshas.—*Chinese Shih Pao.*

The Old Mush Pot.

Mush and milk is generally esteemed a wholesome and palatable dish. In our maturer years we have found it to be such, but when we were young it didn't taste that way. Many a time did our loving parents, anxious for our health, insist it was the best food a growing boy could eat; but we would not be convinced, and often went to bed without our supper rather than eat our dish of hasty pudding. But there was one thing about it we did like—the "scrappings." But these we couldn't get—only a few bites occasionally, just enough to make us wish for more—for father had a mortgage on them, and usually reserved them for himself. In memory we can see him now, sitting before the old-fashoned blazing wood fire, with the mush pot between his feet, patiently digging the scrapings loose with a case knife and breaking them in small pieces into his bowl of rich milk, and then, with a half closed eye, and a dreamy, far-away look, leisurely eating the dainty repast. In our opinion that was a dish fit for a king. We haven't a great deal of this world's goods, and have worked hard for what we possess, but we would freely give half of all we own to live over again one of those nights, and again see father eating the scrapings from the old mush pot.

Restorative Wine.

If you are weak and suffering from general debility, you should use Speer's Port Grape Wine; it will purify your blood, restore digestion and make you feel like a younger person, in fact it makes you new blood. Speer's vineyards are planted on brownstone shale rock soil containing iron. There is over two miles of carrage drives under grape arbors in his vineyards. For sale by druggists.

ANOTHER SUDDEN DEATH.

Hardly a week passes without the mention by the newspapers of sudden deaths, and of late the alarming frequency of the statement that death was caused by rheumatism or neuralgia of the heart cannot fail to have been noticed. In all probability many deaths attributed to heart disease are caused by these terrible diseases, which are far more dangerous than is generally considered. Is there any positive cure? The best answer to such a question is given by those who *have been cured* by the use of Athlophoros.

Greenfield, Mass., May 19, 1886.

I have been troubled with rheumatism in one of my knees for years, being at times laid up for several days. Athlophoros has entirely cured me. It has also cured two friends of mine who were the worst cases I ever saw, one of them a young man only 16 years old, who was so bad the doctors gave him up. Two bottles of your remedy entirely cured him.

GEO. W. SPURR, Mg'r Diamond Soap Co.

October 14, 1885.

Two bottles of Athlophoros cured me of inflammatory rheumatism. My family physician advised me to take it, saying he had done all he could, but could not give me any relief; but Athlophoros drove it away, and I am happy to say it has never come back. My daughter was also cured by half a bottle after suffering the pangs of rheumatism. MRS. JANE DOWNEY,
24 Pleasant St., Waterbury, Conn.

Northampton, Mass., May 21, 1886.

For many years I have been subject to rheumatism in its worst forms. During my last siege of sickness I was induced to try Athlophoros, and found it to be all it claimed to be, a cure for rheumatism.

LEVI I. CLARK.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

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Grand Canyon of Colorado.

A correspondent of the New York Nation writing of his visit to the Grand Canyon of Colorado. Speaking of Diamond Greek, says:

Just in front of the hotel a portion of this creek, about half a mile in length, disappears every day towards noon, although above and below this place it flows merrily and abundantly. About ten o'clock at night the water suddenly returns to the deserted portion of its bed. Mr. Farlee had repeatedly dug down many feet to find the subterranean brook-bed, but in vain. It almost seems as if the water, after leaving the cool Diamond-canon, were afraid of being absorbed by the superheated air in the open space in which the hotel is situated, and therefore concealed itself underground.

Possibly there may be a poetic Indian legend accounting in some such manner for the fact that even the broad and rapid Colorado river has in this region dug its way into the bowels of the earth until the mountains which form its banks tower more than a mile above its surface. Yet, after all, there lies more poetic and sublimity in the scientific account of the manner in which the soft water has, by infinitesimal degrees, worn its channel through these hard rocks, and even through the hard lava with which Major Powell thinks this river has been filled more than once. "What a conflict of water and fire there must have been here! Just be somewhat disappointed at first sight of this river. It is about a mile from Farlee's hotel and is reached by following Diamond Creek, which empties into it. In comparing the mud color of the Colorado with the crystalline to what the latter owes its name. Rapid the Colorado is, and broad, and its walls rise to the height of a mile, but they slope and recede towards the background, and in vain does tourist look for the "granite prison walls" rising abrubtly from the edge of the water, and almost meeting above so to shut out the daylight, their sides adorned with floating clouds and with the water falls and cascades of tributary streams.

Yet in truth it is foolish to look for all these things— to expect that all the wonders of Mr. Powell's long tour should be concentrated in one place for the convenience of tourists. The sad fact is, that the most sublime portions of the cannon are at present inaccessible except to those who are willing to undergo the same dangers and hardships as Major Powell. One can readily believe the legends of travelers wandering along the brink of the cannon for days and "perishing with thirst at last in sight of the river which was roaring its mockery into dying ears." Powell himself once spent four days tring to get down to the river.

Women quarrel in Church.

A very serious and sensational fight occured between the female members of the Methodist Church at Horse Neck, a little hamlet in Jackson county, W. Va. The irate women were arrested, and at the hearing before the Justice of the Peace of the district, the following facts were brought out:

While the pastor of the church was in the midst of his Sunday morning sermon Miss Amanda Gault and Mrs. Malheny, who occupied adjoining pews, became involved in a quarrel, and as the hot words disturbed the services Mrs. Geo. Malone, a sister of Miss Gault, interfered and attempted to stop the discussion, which only added to the rage of the quarreling women, and one of them drawing a pocket knife rushed at the peace maker. By this time the congregation was in an uproar, and half a dozen men and women had pushed forward to help the combatants, and blows were being struck right and left. Mrs. Malheny succeeded in reaching Mrs. Malone and inflicted a terrible cut upon the upper part of her body with the pocket knife. The woman fell, but almost immediately regained her feet, and being handed a knife by some partisan in the excited crowd, she endeavored to stab her assailant. This was prevented, and as the combatants had by this time about exhausted themselves, the counsels of the more conservative element prevailed and the wounded woman was conveyed to her home. Several of the woman have been put under bonds to keep the peace, and Mrs. Malheny will probably be indicted for assault with intent to kill.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A special from Louisville, Ky., says: "A very peculiar accident occurred on a farm just beyond "The Point" the other morning. Mr. Simpson bought a lot of dynamite cartridges and was engaged in blowing up stumps in his yard. He had a lot of hogs roaming about the place. Near the noon hour his family, who were at dinner, were startled by a loud report, and, hurrying to the window to find the cause, saw a cloud of dust arise from the ground. An investigation showed that two hogs and one horse were blown to atoms. It is supposed that one of the hogs had swallowed a dynamite cartridge. A farm hand saw the horse kick one of the hogs in the belly, and the very next instant the explosion followed. There was no trace of the hog left, and a hole several feet in depth was left in the ground. The other animals were left dead on the sod. The shock was very violent and was heard several miles from the scene. A number of window glasses were shattered and the family much alarmed.

Jack Reeves's Prayer.

During a fierce storm on Lake Superior recently Jack Reeves got off the following prayer. "O Lord! I am not one of these miserable suckers who are continually asking favors of you. I have never troubled you before, but, O Lord! get us to the shore and I'll never trouble you again." This put Lieutenant Johnson, of Cleveland, in mind of an Irishman out West who was met by a big bear, and on its failure to scamper away after he had prayed to that effect he said: O Lord! since you won't help me lick the bear, please don't help the bear to lick me, and you,ll see the biggest rough-and-tumble fight you ever laid your eyes on."

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